

Mrs. Ducat. I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

Damaris. To be sure, madam, the door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a sort of a bustle between them, that's certain. What past I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

Mrs. Ducat. Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

Damaris. Nay, madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

Mrs. Ducat. An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

[*Exit Damaris, and returns with Polly.*]

Mrs. Ducat. In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-washed with innocence. My blood rises at the sight of all strumpets, for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, Mrs. Brazen. She has no feeling of shame. She is so used to impudence, that she has not a blush within her. Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. Ducat's wife?

Polly. As your servant, madam, I think myself happy.

Mrs. Ducat. You know Mr. Ducat, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

AIR XIX. Trumpet muffled.

Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,

Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.

To be nos'd by a strumpet! Hence, buffy, you'd best.

Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

I vow! I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

Polly. If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, madam, you could not insult me.

Mrs. Ducat. What does the wench mean?

Damaris. There's not one of these common creatures, but like common beggars, hath a moving story at her finger's ends, which they tell over, when they

are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a sweetheart, madam, who was a rake, and I know their ways very well, by hearsay.

Polly. What villains are hypocrites! For they rob those of relief, who are in real distress. I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

Mrs. Ducat. Married!

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. Ducat. When, where, to whom?

Polly. If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Protestations are to be suspected, so I shall use none. If truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

Mrs. Ducat. Her manner and behaviour are so particular, that is to say, so sincere, that I must hear her story. Unhappily married! That is a misfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A constant woman hath but one chance to be happy; an inconstant woman, tho' she hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Damaris. Believe me, *Mrs. Polly*, as to pleasures of all sorts, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconstant.

AIR XX. *Polwart on the Green.*

Love now is nought but art,

'Tis who can juggle best;

To all men seem to give your heart,

But keep it in your breast.

For gain and pleasure do we find,

No change whene'er we list!

For still that turns with every wind

Must bring the owner grieve.

Mrs. Ducat. madam, may in these times be look'd upon as a fool. For I married a man only because I was look'd upon as a fool by my acquaintance; I was used inhumanly by my father and mother; and, to complete my misfortune, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incurred the sentence of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being informed he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

Mrs. Ducat. But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate bawd, *Trapes*?

Polly. In my voyage, madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's: She offer'd me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she propos'd to me the service of a lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, madam, is in short the whole truth. I fling myself at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make yourself easy.

Mrs. Ducat. What is't you propose?

Polly. In conniving at my escape, you save me from your husband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies. If it is ever in my power, madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ransom.

Damaris. Besides, madam, you will effectually revenge yourself upon your husband; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. Ducat. But have you considered what you request? We are invaded by the pirates: The *Indians* are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

Damaris. Get rid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

Polly. In staying with you, madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

Mrs. Ducat. If I let her escape before my husband's return, he will imagine she got off by the favour of this bustle and confusion.

Polly. May heaven reward your charity.

Mrs. Ducat. A woman so young and handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of clothes by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

Polly. How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness?

Mrs. Ducat. May love reward your constancy. As for that perfidious monster *Trapes*, I will deliver her into the hands of the magistrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this instant equip her for her adventures.

Damaris. When she is out of the house, without doubt, madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

Polly. May virtue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness, and resolution.

AIR XXI. *St. Martin's Lane.*

*As pilgrims thro' devotion
To some shrine pursue their way,
They tempt the raging ocean,
And thro' deserts stray.
With zeal their hope desiring,
The saint their breast inspiring
With cheerful air,
Devoid of fear,
They every danger bear.
Thus equal zeal possessing,
I seek my only blessing.*

Give me my honest vow regard!

My truth protect,

My steps direct,

My flight direct,

My faithful wife reward.

[Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The View of an Indian Country.*

Polly, in Boy's Clothes.

AIR XXII. *La Villanella.*

*I did you spare him,
O'er seas to bear him,
Far from his home, and constant bride?
When papa 'peach'd him,
If death had reach'd him,
I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd!*

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man; for I am every where surrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of these pirates, my dear *Macbeath* is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day! the cool of this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love! [*Musical, two or three bars of the dead march.*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet were as swift; the world then could not hide him from me. [*Two or three bars more.*] Yet even thought is now bewilder'd in pursuing him. [*Two or three bars more.*] I'm tir'd, I'm faint. [*The Symphony.*]

AIR XXIII. Dead March in *Coriolanus*.

*Sleep, O sleep,
With thy rod of incantation,
Charm my imagination,
Then, only then, I cease to weep.*

*By thy power,
The Virgin, by time o'ertaken,
For years forlorn, forsaken,
Enjoys the happy hour.*

*What's to sleep?
'Tis a visionary blessing;
A dream that's past expressing,
Our utmost wish possessing;*

So may I always keep. [Falls asleep.]

Enter Capstern, Hacker, Culverin, Laguerre, and Cutlace. Polly asleep in a distant part of the stage.

Hacker. We shall find but a cool reception from *Morano*, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Culverin. A man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the privilege of travellers.

Capstern. If we had got booty, you know we had resolv'd to agree in a lye. And, gentlemen, we will not have our diligence and duty call'd in question for that which every common servant has at his fingers end for his justification.

Laguette. Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love or politics, but we must know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

AIR XXIV. Three sheep-skins.

Cutlace. *Of all the sins that are money-supplying;
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,
With all sorts,
In towns or courts,
The richest sin is lying.*

Culverin. Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. No man is requir'd to do more than his duty. Let us repose ourselves a-while. A sup or two of our cag would quicken invention. [*They sit and drink.*

All. Agreed.

Hacker. I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

Culverin. 'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

Hacker. Now as to me, brothers, mark you me. I was first rubb'd through my youth with variety of employments. I was preferr'd to be footman to an eminent gentleman. After having improv'd myself by his company and conversation, I left him, betook myself to a polite profession, and cheated like a gentleman. But when I kept a *Pharaon*-bank with success, but unfortunately in a drunken bout was stript by a more skilful wrestler of the trade. I was now, as 'tis common, oblig'd on these occasions, forc'd to have recourse to a friend for a recruit to set me up; but making use of him once too often, I was try'd, and re-quir'd to leave him; but got off for transportation. Which is the man I am.

Culverin. From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a gentleman of quality. Considering I was for some time in that employment, I look upon myself as particularly unlucky, that I then missed making my fortune. But, to give him his due, only his death could have pre-

vented it. Upon this, I betook myself to another service, where my wages not being sufficient for my pleasures, I robb'd my master, and retir'd to visit foreign parts.

Capstern. Now, you must know, I was a drawer to one of the fashionable taverns, and of consequence was daily in the politest conversations. Tho' I say it, nobody was better bred. I often cheated my master, and, as a dutiful servant, row and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our house. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profession, and turn'd gamester. Tho' I had great skill and no scruples, my play would not support my extravagancies: So that now and then I was forced to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

Culverin. Our chief *Morano*, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation, tho' he is black, no body has more the air of a great man.

Hacker. He is too much attach'd to his pleasures. That mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. She's an arrant *Cleopatra*.

Laguerre. If it were not for her, the *Indies* would be our own.

AIR XXV. Rigadoon.

*By women won,
We're all undone,
Each wench hath a Syren's charms.
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill,
As whom succeeds
In woman's will:
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.*

Hacker. A man in love is no more to be depended on than a man in liquor, for he is out of himself.

AIR XXVI. *Ton humeur est Catharine.*

Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,

Who her pathless ways can find?

Every blast directs her motion;

Now she's angry, now she's kind.

What a fool's the vent'rous lover,

Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!

Can the bark the port recover

When the silly pilot's blind?

Hacker. A good horse is never turn'd loose among mares, till all his good deeds are over. And really your heroes should be serv'd the same way; for after they take to women, they have no good deeds to come. That inveigling gypsy, brothers, must be hawl'd from him by force. And then—the kingdom of Mexico shall be mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of Mexico.

Captain. Who talks of Mexico? [*all rise*] I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are satisfy'd. I have set my heart upon it, and nobody shall dispute it with me.

Laguerra. The island of Cuba, methinks, brother, will satisfy any reasonable man.

Culverin. That I had allotted for you. Mexico shall not be parted with without my consent: captain Montague be sure will choose Peru, that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. Mexico hath silver, nothing but silver. Governor of Caribbea, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That shall not dispute with you.

Captain. Death, fir,—I shall not part with Mexico.

Hacker. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Laguerra. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Hacker. Draw then, and let the survivor take it.

[*They fight.*]

Polly. Bless me, what noise was that! Clashing of swords and fighting! Which way shall I fly, how shall I escape?

Capstern. Hold, hold, gentlemen, let us decide our pretensions some other time. I see booty. A prisoner. Let us seize him.

Culverin. From him we will extort both ransom and intelligence.

Polly. Spare my life, gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I fought you to share your fortune.

Hacker. Why, who do you take us for, friend?

Polly. For those brave spirits, those *Alexanders*, that shall soon by conquest be in possession of the *Indies*.

Laguerre. A mettled young fellow.

Capstern. He speaks with respect too, and gives us our titles.

Culverin. Have you heard of captain *Morano*?

Polly. I came hither in mere ambition to serve under him.

A I R XXVII. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

*I hate those coward tribes,
Who by mean sneaking bribes,
By tricks and disguise,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur rise.*

*Like heroes of old
You are greatly bold,
The sword your cause supports.*

*Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the spongers*

Who practise the frauds of courts.

I would willingly chuse the more honourable way of making a fortune.

Hacker. The youth speaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the disposition of the enemy? Have the *Indians* joined the factory? We should advance towards them immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? Mayhap they may like our tyranny better.

Polly. I am a stranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: But in the most desperate undertaking, I am ready to risque your fortunes.

Hacker. Who, and what are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now with more spirit retrieve it.

Culverin. The lad may be of service. Let us bring him before *Morano*, and leave him to his disposal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

AIR XXVIII. Minuet.

Culverin. *Cheer up, my lads, let us push on the fray,
For battles, like women, are lost by delay.
Let us seize victory while in our power;
Alike war and love have their critical hour.
Our hearts bold and steady
Should always be ready,
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dowry.*
[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Another Country Prospect.*

Morano, Jenny.

Morano. Sure, hussy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more, may make you a queen, you gypsy. Think of that.

AIR XXIX. Mirliton.

*When I'm great, and flush of treasure,
Shall be k'd by neither fear or shame,
You shall tread a round of pleasure,
Morning, noon, and night the same.
With a Mirliton, &c.
Like a city wife or beauty
You shall flutter life away;
And shall know no other duty,
But to dress, eat, drink, and play.
With a Mirliton, &c.*

When you are a queen, *Jenny*, you shall keep your coach and six, and shall game as deep as you please. So; there's the two chief ends of woman's ambition satisfy'd.

AIR XXX. Sawny was tall, and of noble race.

*Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.*

Jenny. *But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.*

Morano. *To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat;
I conquer but to make thee great.*

Jenny. *But if my hero falls—ah then
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again!*

Morano. Insinuating creature! but you must own, Jenny, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness; and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

Jenny. Have I ever betrayed you, since you took me to yourself? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

Morano. In love, Jenny, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguised myself as a black, to screen myself from women who laid claim to me where-ever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole country? *Macbeath* is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the least suspicion of me.

Jenny. But, dear captain, you would not sure persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

Morano. Now you are silly, Jenny. Pr'ythee—poh! Nature, girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

Jenny. Know when you are well.

Morano. Explain yourself; speak your sentiments freely.

Jenny. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to *England*. Believe me, captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

Morano. Your opinion of me startles me. For I

never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know, men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

Jenny. Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of them were secured by judicious retreat. Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times?

AIR XXXI. Northern Nancy.

*How many men have found the skill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will,
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.*

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, lieutenant *Vanderbluff* wants to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. [*Exit.*

Morano. Leave me, *Jenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

Jenny. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss I beg it of you. [*Exit.*

Enter Vanderbluff.

Vanderbluff. For shame, captain; what, hampered in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! while a man is grappling with these gil-flirts, pardon the expression, captain, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

AIR XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belta.,

*Fine women are devils, complete in their way,
They always are roving and cruising for prey.
When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain.*

Excuse my plain speaking, captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm, and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

Morano. D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sunshine, who cannot bear the least cloud 'over him? No, *Vanderbluff*. I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your bluff ring will but make me obstinate. You seem frighten'd, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. From any body but you, that speech should have had another-guess answer than words. Death, captain, are not the *Indies* in dispute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, captain, this hand shall take the *Indian* king prisoner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, 'till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

Morano. Are *Hacker*, *Culverin*, *Capstern*, *Logueron*, and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Vanderbluff. No, sir; but from the top of yon' hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

Morano. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

Vanderbluff. To our woman, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got? [*Draws.*

Morano. Take care, lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlace, lieutenant, for I shall not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

Vanderbluff. Noble captain, I ask pardon.

Morano. A brave man should be cool till action, lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfy'd, I will take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Vanderbluff. That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

Morano. I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me—

Vanderbluff. With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

Morano. This then, lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts to observe the motions of the *Indians*.

AIR XXXIII. Since all the world's turn'd upside down,

*Tho' different passions rage by turns,
 Witbin my breast fermenting;
 Now blazes love, now honour burns,
 I'm here, I'm there consenting.
 P'll each obey, so keep my oath,
 That oath by which I won her:
 With truth and steddiness in both,
 P'll act like a man of honour.*

Doubt me not, lieutenant. But I'll now go with you, to give the necessary commands, and after that return to take my leave before the battle.

Enter Jenny, Capstern, Culverin, Hacker, Laguerre, Polly.

Jenny. Hacker, sir, and the rest of the party are return'd with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are.—A clever sprightly young fellow! I like him. [*Aside.*]

Vanderbluff. What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize?

Jenny. He seems some rich planter's son.

Vanderbluff. In the common practice of commerce you should never slip an opportunity, and for his ransom, no doubt, there will be room for comfortable extortion.

Morano. Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

Hacker. We found him upon the road. He is a stranger it seems in these parts. And as our heroes generally set out, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery have qualify'd him for a brave man.

Morano. What are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with

the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine pilfering war that is practised among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, sir.

AIR XXXIV. Hunt the squirrel.

*The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
To other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murthers reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray,
Thus, with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Quabble for selfish ends.*

Jenny. He really is a mighty pretty man. [*Aside.*

Vanderbluff. The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

Morano. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action—d'you hear me, my lad?—your fortune is made. Now, lieutenant Vanderbluff, I am for you.

Vanderbluff. Discipline must not be neglected.

Morano. When every thing is settled, my dear Jenny, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, Jenny, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous. [*Exeunt with the rest of the Pirates.*

Jenny. How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman?

Polly. I have been ruined by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably disposed of; for those have always a kind of claim

to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their service.

Jenny. Were you ever in love?

Polly. With the sex.

Jenny. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jenny. But sure you cannot think all women so.

Polly. Why not as well as all men? The manners of courts are catching.

Jenny. If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

Polly. I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jenny. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

AIR XXXV. *Young Damon* once the loveliest swain.

In love and life the present use;

One hour we grant, the next refuse;

Who then would risque a nay?

Were lovers wise they would be kind,

And in our eyes the moment find;

For only then they may.

Like other women I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling?

[Taking Polly by the hand.]

Polly. I know you only railly me. Respect, madam, keeps me in awe.

Jenny. By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her freedoms, and do what I please without shame or restraint. *[Kisses her.]* Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Polly. You'll pardon me then, madam. *[Kisses her.]*

Jenny. What, my cheek! let me die, if, by your kils, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

Polly. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Nay then, madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude— [*Kisses her.*]

Jenny. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

AIR XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

*We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the trial.*

Polly. *I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.*

Jenny. *What mean we then by being try'd?*

Polly. *With scorn and slight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.*

Jenny. Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

Polly. How shall I get rid of this affair? [*Aside.*] *Morano* may surprize us.

Jenny. That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

Polly. We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I knew, madam, you are not serious.

Jenny. To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! Go, monster, I hate you, and you shall find I can be reveng'd.

AIR XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

*My heart is by love forsaken,
I feel the tempest growing;
A fury the palace hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.
Tho' Cupid's arrows are erring,
Or indifference may secure ye,
When woman's revenge is stirring,
You cannot escape that fury.*

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

Enter Morano.

Jenny. Sure never was such insolence! How could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

Morano. What a vengeance is the matter?

Jenny. Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have suck'd in impudence from his mother.

Morano. An act of friendship only. He meant to push his fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town, my dear.

AIR XXXVIII. Bacchus m'a dit.

*By balves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure,
Their help they lend
In every part of life;
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure;
Then all his heart
Is bent to please the wife.*

Jenny. I hate you for being so little jealous.

Morano. Sure, *Jenny*, you know the way of the world better, than to be surprized at a thing of this kind. 'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, upon the like occasion, I could not have answer'd for myself. I own, I have a sort of partiality to impudence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable. If I had been killed in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. I know it is a way often practis'd to make sure of a widow.

Jenny. If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make my virtue less obstinate.

AIR XXXIX. *Health to Betty.*

*If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild, and heady.*

Your behaviour forces me to say, what my love for you will never let me put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Morano. Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife: and, jesting apart, young fellow, if ever I catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

Enter Vanderbluff, Capstern, Laguerre, &c. with Cawwawkee prisoner.

Vanderbluff. The party, captain, is return'd with success. After a short skirmish, the *Indian* prince *Cawwawkee* here was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his disposal.

Morano. Are all our troops ready and under arms?

Vanderbluff. They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations are all brave determin'd fellows, who must behave themselves well.

Morano. Look'e, lieutenant, the trusting up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

Vanderbluff. By your leave, captain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The *Indians* to be sure have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us to the best plunder.

Morano. The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

Carw. As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Morano. Do you know my power?

Carw. I fear it not.

Morano. Do you know your danger?

Carw. I am prepar'd to meet it.

AIR XL. *Cappe de Bonne Esperance.*

*The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverse hour;
But the noble soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our power;
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.*

Morano. Mere downright Barbarians, you see, lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among them.

Vanderbluff. We must beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common society, and common conversation.

Morano. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

Carw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Morano. Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashion'd philosopher could be more obstinate. Can you feel pain?

Carw. I can bear it.

Morano. I shall try you.

Carw. I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Morano. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they disposed? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

Carw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, European.

Morano. Torture shall make you squeak.

Carw. I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, European, I am no coward.

Vanderbluff. What, neither cheat nor be cheated ! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

Jenny. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it !

Capstern. I wonder to hear the brute speak.

Laguerre. They would make a shew of him in *England*.

Jenny. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Capstern. But how can you expect any thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civiliz'd country ? Which way should he know mankind ?

Jenny. Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

Laguerre. Why we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jenny. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Polly. How happy are these savages ! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance. [*Aside.*]

Morano. Have done, I beg you, with your musty reflections : You but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

Carw. Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

Morano. That you have treasures then you own, it seems. I am glad to hear you confess something.

Carw. But, out of benevolence, we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

AIR XLI. When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.

For gold you sacrifice your fame,

Your honour, life, and friend :

You war, you savor, you lie, you game,

And plunder without fear or shame ;

Can madness this transcend ?

Morano. Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your ignorance. If you would save your lives, you

must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not quit the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em.

Jenny. By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

AIR XLII. *Peggy's Mill.*

*When gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.
Tho' peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty:
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.*

Morano. I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, obstinate, audacious savage, if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

Caw. With dishonour life is nothing worth.

Morano. Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

RECITATIVE, *Sia suggetta la plebe, in Coriolan.*

Hence, let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

Laguerre. You would not have us put him to death, captain?

Morano. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall regger your resolution, *Indian.*

RECITATIVE.

Hence, let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

But hold, I'll see him tortur'd. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

Laguerre. It shall be done.

Morano. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him. *[Exit Caw. and Polly guarded.]*

Vanderbluff. Come, noble captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em asunder. Our friends expect us.

Jenny. Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he shall not go yet.

Vanderbluff. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the spot.

Jenny. Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

Vanderbluff. I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Morano. I must go—But I cannot.

A I R XLIII. Excuse me.

Honour calls me from thy arms, *[To him.]*

With glory my bosom is beating.

Victory summons to arms: then to arms

Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.

One look more—and then—

Oh, I am lost again!

[To her.]

What a power has beauty!

But honour calls, and I must away.

[To him.

But love forbids, and I must obey.

[To her.

You grow too bold; [Vanderbluff pulling him away.

Hence, loose your hold,

[To him.

For love claims all my duty.

[To her.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion.
I know my own time, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. Lose the *Indies* then, with all my heart.
Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can
tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman
be at!

Jenny. Not so hasty and choleric, I beg you, lieutenant.
Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever
you may think of us, you may once in your life hear
a woman speak reason.

Vanderbluff. Dispatch then. And if a few words can
satisfy you, be brief.

Jenny. Men only slight womens advice thro' an over-
conceit of their own opinions. I am against hazarding
a battle. Why should we put what we have already
got to the risque? We have money enough on board
our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a com-
fortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the *Indies* to
our comrades.

Vanderbluff. Sure you are the first of the sex that ever
flinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent
with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

Jenny. Consistent with our honour! For shame, lieu-
tenant; you talk downright *Indian*. One would take
you for the savage's brother, or cousin-german at least.
You may talk of honour, as other great men do: But
when interest comes in your way, you should do as
other great men do.

AIR XLIV. Ruben.

Honour plays a bubble's part,

Ever bilk'd and cheated;

Never in ambition's heart,

Int'rest there is seated.

*Honour was in use of yore,
Tho' by want attended:
Since 't was talk'd of, and no more;
Lord, how times are mended!*

Vanderbluff. What think you of her proposal, noble captain? We may push matters too far.

Jenny. Consider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for *England*, while we have the opportunity.

Vanderbluff. Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in fashion; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew?

Morano. But the baulking of a great design—

Vanderbluff. 'Tis better baulking our own designs, than have them baulk'd by others; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

AIR XLV. *Troy Town.*

*When ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty boards of gold;
Amid the harvest of the spoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapine bold,
Comes justice. The great scheme is crost,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.*

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

Morano. If you are satisfy'd, and for your security,

Jenny. For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he has enough to satisfy his wife.

Vanderbluff. We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mis'd to the accidents of war.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships; so that victory is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and our's grow impatient for your presence, noble captain.

Morano. I'll be with 'em. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jenny. Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

Morano. Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory. Hark the trumpet. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

AIR XLVI. We've cheated the parson.

*Despair leads to battle, no courage so great :
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.*

Vanderbluff. *No retreat.*

Jenny. *No retreat.*

Morano. *They must conquer or die who've no retreat.* [Ex.]

SCENE, *A room of a poor cottage.*

Cawwawkee in chains, Polly.

Polly. Unfortunate prince ! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppressed by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European*. Are you fools ? Do you believe one another ? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

Polly. There are constitutions that can resist a pestilence.

Caw. But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are ashamed of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourselves ?

Polly. My sincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancell'd faith. How can I believe you ? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Polly. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Polly. Yet the worst of men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw. Have you then hypocrisy still among you? For all that I have experienc'd of your manners is open violence, and barefac'd injustice. Who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. T'amo tanto.

*Virtue's treasure,
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less.
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.*

Polly. My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. *Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,*

Polly. *Cheerful even amid distress;*

Caw. *Nor pain nor crosses,*

Polly. *Nor grief nor losses,*

Caw. *Nor death itself can make it less.*

Polly. *Here relying,*

Caw. *Suff'ring, dying,*

Polly. *Honest souls find all redress.*

Caw. Having this, I want no other consolation. I am prepared for all misfortune.

Polly. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

Caw. By dishonest means, I scorn it.

Polly. But stratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to use all the weapons employ'd against you. You may save your friends from affliction, and be the instrument of rescuing your country.

Caw. Those are powerful inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

Polly. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce them to betray.

You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can resist the temptation.

Caw. I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the *European* custom, I will perform. For, though a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

Polly. Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

Enter Laguerre, and Capstern.

Polly. Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your custody?

Laguerre. Full well.

Polly. Know you the treasures that are in his power?

Laguerre. I know too that they shall soon be our's.

Polly. In having him in your possession they are your's.

Laguerre. As how, friend?

Polly. He might well reward you.

Laguerre. For what?

Polly. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, *European*, I can and will reward you.

Capstern. He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

Caw. I have said it, *European*: And an *Indian's* heart is always answerable for his words.

Polly. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Conquest is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

Laguerre. What think you of the proposal?

Capstern. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect, I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

Laguerre. Besides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our ships.

Capstern. If we gain our ends, what matter how we come by it?

Laguerre. Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risk.

Capstern. Nay, I have no objections.

Laguerre. If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

Capstern. Then too, I always lik'd a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

Laguerre. You will consider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: We'll go off with you.

Capstern. We want only to be known to be employ'd.

Laguerre. Let us unbind him then.

Polly. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may rely upon the prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

Capstern. Our fortunes then are made.

A I R XLVIII. Down in a meadow.

Polly. *The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;
Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.*

*What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!
Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way
Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and betray.*

*Thus flatch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or hound.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Indian Camp.*

Pohetohec, and Attendants.

INDIAN.

SIR, a party from the *British* factory have joined us. Their chief attends for your majesty's orders for their disposition.

Pob. Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him. [*Exit Indian.*]

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, sir,—I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage and all that—I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

Pob. Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

Ducat. A married man, sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little timorous. Upon promise to her, I am engaged to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever govern'd me more than my own. Besides, sir, fighting is not our business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

Pob. And have you no spirit then to defend it? Your families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

Ducat. Alas, sir, we cannot be answerable for human infirmities.

AIR XLIX. There was an old man, and he liv'd,

What man can on virtue or courage repose,

Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?

Like gold, if intrinsic sure no body knows,

Till weigh'd in the ballance and try'd.

Pob. How different are your notions from ours! We think virtue, honour, and courage as essential to a man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, till we have found the contrary; but then we regard him only as a brute in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

Ducat. Why should I have any more scruples about men, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass current, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty will not dispense with my duty to my wife, with

permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. [Exit.

Pob. My son a prisoner! Tortur'd perhaps and inhumanly butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More then is required from me. Grief raises my resolution, and calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts? [Enter Indian.

Indian. The prince, sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pirates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

Enter Cawwawkee, Polly, Laguerre, Capstern, &c.

Pob. Victory then is our's. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

Caw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gain'd me his friendship.

Pob. This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be generous and honest.

Caw. These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engag'd to reward them. How it galls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

Laguerre. I hope your majesty will not forget our services.

Pob. I am bound for my son's engagements.

Caw. For this youth, I will be answerable. Like a gem found in rubbish, he appears the brighter among these his countrymen.

AIR L. Iris la plus charmante.

*Love with beauty is flying,
At once 'tis blooming and dying;
But all seasons defying,
Friendship lasts on the year.
Love is by long enjoying,
Cloying;
Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,
Stronger.
O may the flame divine
Burn in your breast like mine!*

Polly. Most noble prince, my behaviour shall justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

Pob. Let these men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you. *[Exit Pirates, guarded.]*

Carw. May this young man be my companion in the war? As a boon I request it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

Pob. I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge convenient.

Polly. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may rely upon my duty.

Enter Indian.

Indian. Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us.

Pob. Victory then is at hand. Justice protects us, and courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The field of battle.*

Culverin, Hacker, and Pirates.

A I R. LI. There was a jovial beggar.

1 Pir. *When horns, with cheerful sound,
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the bound,
He burns to chase the prey.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle we will go, &c.*

2 Pir. *How charms the trumpet's breath!
The brave, with hope possess'd,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conquest in their breast.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle, &c.*

Culverin. But yet I don't see, brother *Hacker*, why we should be commanded by a Neger. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have sea-room.

Hacker. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on board again, my vote shall be for calling of

him to account for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition?

Culverin. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pir.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pir.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hacker. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a storm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

Culverin. Right, brother, all in good season. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We must fight the *Indians* first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hacker. Is *Morano* still with his doxy?

Culverin. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

Hacker. I wish this fight of our's were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

Culverin. Does not the drum-head here, quartermaster, tempt you to fling a merry main or two?

[*Takes dice out of his pocket.*]

Hacker. If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the *Indians*. I have set.

Culverin. Have at you. A nick.

[*Flings.*]

Hacker. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again.

Culverin. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*Flings.*] Eleven.

Hacker. Furies! A manifest cog! I won't be bubbled, sir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, sir, I won't be cheated.

Culverin. The money is mine. D'you take me for a sharper, sir?

Hacker. Yes, sir.

Culverin. I'll have satisfaction.

Hacker. With all my heart.

[*Fighting.*]

Enter Morano, Vanderbluff, &c.

Morano. For shame, gentlemen! [*Parting them.*] Is this a time for private quarrel? What do I see! Dice

upon the drum-head! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practised. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

Culverin. To be call'd sharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hacker. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practise.

Morano. If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*Claps it to his head.*] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so rife, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

Hacker. Who is treacherous?

Morano. *Capsbern* and *Laguere* have let the prince and the stripling, you took prisoner, escape, and are gone off with them to the *Indians*. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

Culverin. Rather than have ill blood among us I return the money. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

Morano. We should be *Indians* among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world beside, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hacker. We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

Morano. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

A I R LII. To you, fair ladies.

By bolder steps we win the race.

Pir. Let's haste where danger calls.

Morano. Unless ambition mend its pace,

It totters, nods, and falls.

Pir. We must advance or be undone.

Morano. Think this, and then the battle's won.

Chorus. With a fa-la la, &c.

Morano. You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The *Indians* are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less

ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our conquests. Sound the charge.

A I R LIII. Prince Eugene's march.

*When the tyger roams,
And the timorous flock is in his view,
Fury foams,
He thirsts for the blood of the crew.
His greedy eyes he throws,
Thirst with their number grows,
On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,
Spreading the plain with a general ruin,
Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn?*

Vanderbluff. *Let us on one and all!*

1 Pir. *How they fly, how they fall!*

Morano. *For the war, for the prize I burn.*

Vanderbluff. Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

Morano. But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain honourable terms—We are overpower'd by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.

Enter Pohetohee, Caywawkee, Polly, &c. with the Indian army drawn up against the Pirates.

Pob. Our hearts are all ready. 'The enemy halts. Let the trumpets give the signal.

A I R LIV. The Marlborough.

Caw. *We the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes;
In its beam false courage dies;
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
Charge the foe,
Lay them low,*

On then and strike the blow.

Hark, victory calls us. See guilt is dismay'd:

The villain is of his own conscience afraid.

In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,

The courage of virtue was never repell'd.

Pir. Our chief demands a parley.

Pob. Let him advance.

*Art thou Morano, that fell man of prey?
That foe to justice?*

Morano. Tremble and obey.

Art thou great Pohetohee styl'd?

Poh. - - - - - the same.

I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor. Thou know'st then, king, thy son there, was my prisoner. Pay us the ransom we demand, allow us safe passage to our ships, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

Pob. Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to right and equity? Insolent madman! Composition with knaves is base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword of justice, rapacious brute.

AIR LV. Les rats.

Morano. Know then, war's my pleasure.

Am I thus controll'd?

Both thy heart and treasure

I'll at once unfold.

You, like a miser, scraping, biding,

Rob all the world; you're but mines of gold.

Rage my breast alarms,

War is by kings held right-deciding;

Then to arms, to arms;

With this sword I'll force your hold.

By thy obstinacy, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate;
and so expect me.

Pob. Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

Morano. Fall on.

Pob. For your lives and liberties. [*Fight, Pirates beat off.*]

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the

fool-hardy are the greatest, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there's so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

AIR LVI. Mad Robin.

*How faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws!
But all others only smear
Her wrinkles, cracks, and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men say what they will;
Sure we may set our good in fight,
When neighbours set our ill.*

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation in my neighbours hands than my money. But will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, and Indians.

Poh. Had *Morano* been taken or slain, our victory had been complete.

Ducat. A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

Poh. How have you disposed of the prisoners?

Caw. They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice, by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Poh. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit: I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of clemency. Besides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety, that you must pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

AIR LVII. Thro' the wood, laddy.

*As fits the sad turtle alone on the spray;
His heart sorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging his grief for his consort astray;
For force or death only could keep her away.
Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare;
If guns have not slain her,
The net must detain her,
Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with
a tear,
If safe from the battle he do not appear.*

Pob. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him; for I share in my son's affliction. *[Exit Indian.]*

Ducat. I had better too be upon the spot, or my men may embezzle some plunder which by right should be mine. *[Exit.]*

Enter Indian.

Indian. The youth, sir, with a party is just return'd from the pursuit. He's here to attend your majesty's commands.

Enter Polly, and Indians.

Caw. Pardon, sir, the warmth of my friendship, if I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his duty. *[Embracing.]*

AIR LVIII. Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's arms.

Victory is our's.

W. - - - - - My fond heart is at rest.

Polly. Friendship thus receives its guest.

W. O what transport fills my breast!

Polly. *Conquest is complete.*

Caw. *Now the triumph's great.*

Polly. *In your life is a nation blest.*

Caw. *In your life I'm of all possess'd.*

Pob. The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety victory has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

Polly. In the rout, sir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have false courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him without under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

Pob. Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

Enter Morano, guarded.

Morano. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to have come at him. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Pob. He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey!

Morano. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Pob. Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapine, your murders are now at an end.

Morano. Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

AIR LIX. Parson upon *Dorothy*.

The soldiers, who by trade must dare

The deadly cannon's sounds,

You may be sure, betimes prepare

For fatal blood and wounds.

POLLY: AN OPERA.

21

*The men, who with advent'rous dance,
Bound from the cord on high,
Must own they have the frequent chance
By broken bones to die.
Since rarely then
Ambitious men,
Like others, lose their breath;
Like these, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their natural death.*

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

Pob. Would your *European* laws have suffer'd crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd?

Morano. Were all I am worth safely landed, I have wherewithal to make almost any crime sit easy upon me.

Pob. Have ye notions of property?

Morano. Of my own.

Pob. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you?

Morano. Honest industry! I have heard talk of it indeed, among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Pob. Have you no respect for virtue?

Morano. As a good phrase, sir. But the practisers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are seldom found in the best company.

Pob. Is not wisdom esteem'd among you?

Morano. Yes, sir: But only as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

Pob. Honour, and honesty, are not those distinguish'd?

Morano. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these *Indians*! But indeed I think honour is of some use; it serves to swear upon.

Pob. Have you no consciousness? Have you no shame?

Morano. Of being poor.

Pob. How can society subsist with avarice! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.

Morano. Alexander the Great was more successful,
That's all.

AIR LX. The collier has a daughter.

*When right or wrong's decided,
In war or civil causes,
We by success are guided
To blame or give applauses.
Thus men exalt ambition,
In power by all commended,
But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn is well attended.*

Pob. Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

Morano. This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the counsel of a Newgate attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard!

Pob. Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be securely guarded till further orders.

AIR LXI. Mad Moll.

Morano. All crimes are judg'd like fornication;

While rich we are honest no doubt.

Fine ladies can keep reputation,

Poor lasses alone are found out.

If justice had piercing eyes,

Like ourselves, to look within,

She'd find power and wealth a disguise

That shelter the worst of our kin. [Exit, guarded.]

Pob. How shall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is oblig'd by occasions of making a return: And every occasion must be agreeable, for a grateful mind hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

Caw. My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty!

A I R LXII. Prince George.

All friendship is a mutual debt,

Polly. *The contract's inclination :*

Caw. *We never can that bond forget
Of sweet retaliation.*

Polly. *All day, and every day the same,
We are paying and still owing ;*

Caw. *By turns we grant, by turns we claim
The pleasure of bestowing.*

Both. *By turns we grant, &c.*

Polly. The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

Caw. That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want, let me know it.

Pob. If it is in a king's power, my power will make you happy.

Caw. If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the privilege of friendship ; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

Pob. Can my treasures make you happy ?

Polly. Those who have them not, think they can ; those who have them, know they cannot.

Pob. How unlike his countrymen !

Caw. While you conceal one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is barbarity.

Polly. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have reserv'd them for solitude.

Caw. Those sighs, and that reservedness, are symptoms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a stranger to.

Polly. Then you never have been completely wretched.

POLLY: AN OPERA.

AIR LXIII. Blithe Jockey, young and gay.

*Can words the pain express
Which absent lovers know?
He only mine can guess,
Whose heart hath felt the woe.
'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,
Seldom hope, oft' despair;
'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief
'Tis every pang and grief.*

Carw. But does not love often deny itself aid and comfort, by being too obstinately secret?

Polly. One cannot be too open to generosity; that is a sin of universal benignity. In concealing ourselves from it, we but deny ourselves the blessing of its influence.

AIR LXIV. In the fields in frost and snow.

*The modest lilly, like the maid,
Its pure bloom defending,
Is of noxious dews afraid,
Soon as even's descending.
Clos'd all night,
Free from blight,
It preserves the native white;
But at morn' unfolds its leaves,
And the vital sun receives.*

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch, as I am?

Pob. A king's beneficence should be like the sun. The most humble weed should feel its influence, as well as the most gaudy flower. But I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

Polly. You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women.

[Kneels, he raises her.]

Carw. A woman! Oh my heart!

Pob. A woman!

Polly. Yes, sir, the most wretched of her sex. In love! married! abandon'd, and in despair!

Pob. What brought you into these countries?

Polly. To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas, 'tis outward

appearance alone that generally engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

Pob. Why this disguise?

Polly. To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have exposed me.

Carw. Had she not been married, I might have been happy.

[*Aside.*

Polly. He ran into the madness of every vice. I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes. For sure my love still might reclaim him.

Carw. Had you conceal'd your sex, I had been happy in your friendship; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart!

AIR LXV. Whilst I gaze on *Chloe*,

*Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,
Every former thought is lost;
Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
How my troubled soul is tost!
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
How it thrills in every vein!
Liberty and life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.*

Enter Indian.

Indian. The rest of the troops, sir, are return'd from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's commands.

Pob. Let them be brought before us. [*Exit Indian.*]
Give not yourself up to despair; for every thing in my power you may command. [*To Polly.*

Carw. And every thing in mine. But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

Enter Ducat and Jenny, guarded, &c.

Jenny. Spare my husband, *Morano* is my husband.

Pob. Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

Jenny. Alas, sir, there are many husbands who are furious monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for his duty and submission to your majesty, for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Pob. Why then had you not made him so before?

Jenny. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him; and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as she can be?

Pob. With how much ease and unconcern these Europeans talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications.

AIR LXVI. *The Jamaica.*

Jenny. *The sex, we find,
Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches;
And none neglect
To pay respect
To rogues who keep their coaches.*

Indeed, sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too, as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Pob. Woman, your profligate sentiments offend me; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then. *Morano* is now under the stroke of justice.

Jenny. Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. Send me back again with him into slavery, from whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

Duc. Yes, sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew; and I hope my services at least will allow me to claim my own again.

Jenny. *Morano*, sir, I must confess hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman

could escape him. If *Macbeath's* misfortunes were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

Polly. Macbeath!

Jenny. He is no black, sir, but under that disguise, for my sake, screen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him?

Polly. Macbeath! Is it possible? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

Pob. Haste, let the sentence be suspended. [*Ex. Ind.*]

Polly. Fly; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him? All his distresses brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how could'st thou blind me so?

AIR LXVII. *Tweed side.*

*The stag, when chas'd all the long day
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;
Now panting for breath and at bay,
Now stemming the river or lake;
When the treacherous scent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*

But, alas, now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

Pob. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

Jenny. Slavery, sir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn! Consider, sir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Pob. Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obey'd.

[*Exit Jenny, guarded.*]

Polly. What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

Caw. If justice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Polly. Not yet! Oh how I fear.

AIR LXVIII. One evening as I lay.

*My heart forebodes he's dead,
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled,
My soul is all despair!
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stop'd his breath,
Just as my dream foretold;
Oh had that sleep been death!*

Enter Indians.

Polly. He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confess it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! *O Macbeath!*

Duc. Mercy upon me! now I look upon her nearer, blest me, it must be *Polly*. This woman, sir, is my slave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

Pob. And if she is virtuous, *European*, dost thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty, as a king, to cherish and protect virtue.

Carw. Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompence your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

Pob. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

Carw. What, no reply?

Polly. Abandon me to my sorrows. For in indulging them is my only relief.

Pob. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the rest, let them be restor'd to their owners, and return to their slavery.

AIR LXIX. Buff-coat.

- Caw. *Why that languish!*
 Polly. *Oh he's dead! O he's lost for ever!*
 Caw. *Cease your anguish, and forget your grief,*
 Polly. *Ah, never!*
What air, grace, and stature!
 Caw. *How false in his nature!*
 Polly. *To virtue my love might have won him.*
 Caw. *How base and deceiving!*
 Polly. *But love is believing.*
 Caw. *Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him!*

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures, are all at your command.

AIR LXX. An Italian Ballad.

- Polly. *Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!*
Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;
My heart is proof against either temptation,
Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

I am charm'd, prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my sorrows. But my misfortunes at present interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw. Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

Pob. 'Tis a pleasure to me by this alliance to recompence your merits. [Ex. Caw. and Polly.] Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory. [Exit.

DANCE.

AIR LXXI. The temple.

- Ind. *Justice long forbearing,*
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.
 Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

2 Ind. *What tongues then defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Even his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.*

Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

3 Ind. *Virtue subduing,
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race,
Truth, never-failing,
Must be prevailing,
Falsehood shall find disgrace.*

Chor. *Justice long forbearing, &c.*

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F I N I S.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.



J. Roberts del.

Published for the British Theatre Feb 26 1777.

Thewissen

M^r WRIGHTEN in the Character of PEGGY

BELL'S EDITION.

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

As written by ALLAN RAMSAY.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well cou'd pipe and feng,
For he of Tityrus his songs did leze.*

SPENCER, p. 1113.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library in the Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Susannah Countess of Eglington.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Chearfulness. But conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen and haughty Ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom among them to chuse some honourable Shade.

Wherefore I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection. If my *Patroness* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I shall have good Reason to think myself safe from the aukward Censure of some pretended Judges, that condemn before Examination.

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Countess of Eglington*, whose Penetration, superiour Wit, and sound Judgment, shines with an uncommon Lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what is due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field is ample, and presents with numberless great and good Patriots, that have

dignified the Names of *KENNEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*. Be that the Care of the Herald and Historian. 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes have made Captives. Such may be flattered; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect. For whilst you are possessor of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

All this is very true, cries a Sour-Plumb of better Sense than Good-nature; but what Occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?—Very true: but I have the Liberty to use the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To speak what every Body thinks*. Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life: But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain praise-worthy Pleasure in communicating to posterity the Fame of distinguished Character. I write this last Sentence, with a Hand thro' which shew no Hope and Fear; but if I should be so happy to please your *Ladyship* in the least, then all my Doubts shall evaporate like morning Vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Virgil* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

M A D A M,

Your *Ladyship's* most obedient,
And most devoted Servant,

Edinburgh, June
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd*,
in Love with Peggy.
Roger, *a rich young Shep-*
herd, in love with Jenny.
Symon and Glaud, *two*
old Shepherds, Tenants
to Sir William.
Bauldy, *a Hynd, engaged*
with Neps.

WOMEN.

Peggy, *thought to be*
Glaud's Neice.
Jenny, *Glaud's only*
Daughter.
Maufe, *an old Woman*
supposed to be a Witch.
Elspa, *Symon's Wife.*
Madge, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few*
Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at a Quarter of Two in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Eight o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins at Ten o'Clock next Morning.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

*Beneath the South side of a craggy Bield,
Where Christal Springs the halsome Waters yield,
Two youthful Shepherds on the Gowan lay,
Tenting their Flocks, at bonny Morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hellow Echo's ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

B

PATIE

2 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The Wawking of the Faulds.*

PATIE. **M**Y Peggy is a young Thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to mett her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glo
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gies me sick Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is consist,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her Sangs are tuld,
With Innocence, the Wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

THIS

THIS funny Morning, *Roger*, cheers my Blood,
 And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
 How hartfom is't to see the rising Plants,
 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants ?
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler Air,
 And a' the Sweets it bears when void of Care.
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then ? What gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate !
 I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
 Corbies and Todds to grein for Lambkins Blood :
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending Grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Patie. The Bees shall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive,
 The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
 The Cornfu' Queans, or Lofs of warly Gear,
 Shall find my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

But might I say ; but it's no easy doen
 By aye, waise Saul is sadly out of Tune,
 You have the fast a Voice, and slid a Tongue ;
 You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.
 If I but ettle at a Sang, or frae
 They dit their Lugs, syne tap the Leglens cleek.
 And jeer me hameward frae the Lone or Bught,
 While I'm confus'd wi' some saing Thought.
 Yet I am tall, and wae it is to see,
 Nor mair unlike, to aye, aye,
 For ilka Sheep ye have a number ten,
 And should, as ane, aye, aye, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, *Robert*, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your Gear ?
 A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Roger. My Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were
 smoor'd,
 Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Ills endur'd :
 In Winter last my Cares were very sma',
 Tho' Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Seaw.

4 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Patie. Were your bien Rooms as thin y'st'ock'd as mine,
 Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
 'The O'ercome only fathes Fowk to keep.

Roger. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross;
 That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss:
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drowth to quench:
 Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool!
 And own that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

Patie. Sax good fat Lambs, I fauld them ilka Clute
 At the *West-Port*, and bought a winsome Flute,
 Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round;
 A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound:
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool!
 Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish Beak,
 Some ither Thing lies heavier at my Breast:
 I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
 That gars my Flesh a' creep yet with the Fright.

Patie. Now, to a Friend how filly's this Pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens.
 Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride:
 Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, you have guess'd o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a' that;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
 But yesterday I met her yont a Know,
 She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.
 She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
 He sighs for *Neps*;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na loo her—but in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.

My

My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
 Till he yow'd fair she strack the poor dumb Tyke:
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad have shewn mair Kindness to my Beast.
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn;
 With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
 Last Night I play'd—(ye never heard sic Spite)
 O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte:
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cousin spear'd,
 Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck,
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit Chuck.
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Roger. I needna mak such Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'm a' the better for't: Death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Gowk! leave aff that silly whining Way;
 Come to my Arms, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.

Heard how I served my Lads I love as weel
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.
 Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dyke I leaned, yowring about.
 I saw my *Meg* come liltin' o'er the Lee;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Pattie* was no me:
 For yet the Sun was low, and the Mist,
 And she was cloo'd in a white shawl-wist.
 Her Coats were kilt, and her Quaitly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that winter were than Snaw,
 Her Cockernony lay up fu' sleek,
 Her Haffet-Locks hang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheeks sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie Pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in Bustline Waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
 Blythsome I cry'd, My bony *Meg*, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon afeer:
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather Dew—
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to ye?

6 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Then fare ye weel, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a Crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs Errand back;
Miſcaw'd me firſt—then bad me hound my Dog,
To wear up three waff Ews ſtray'd on her Bog,
I leugh; and ſae did ſhe; then with great Haſte
I clatp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waift;
About her yielding Waift, and took a Fouth
Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowing Mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul cam lowping to my Lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe ſet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack;
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.

Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do you ſae too, and never ſaſh your Thumb,
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood:
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, *Fy gar rub her o'er with Stae*.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer Kindneſs with a Slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
For Women in a Man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon deſate,
And with a ſmple Face give Way
To a Repulſe; then ne'er not blate,
Puſh bauldly on and wae be Day.
When Maidens, innocently young,
Say aſten what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue,
But tent the Language of their Een;
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your Love with Hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger. Kind *Patie*, now fair ſa your honeſt Heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an Art
To hearten ane: For now, as cleans a Leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

7

Sae, for your Pains, I'll make ye a Propine,
(My Mother, rest her Saul ! she made it fine)
A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawflock Woo,
Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders blēw :
With Sprains like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with Black;
I never had it yet upon my Back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, who have sae kind
Red up my revel'd Doubts, and cleared my Mind.

Patie. Weel, hald ye there, and since ye've frankly made
To me a Present of your braw new Plaid,
My Flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't,
Now tak it out, and gie's a bony Spring;
For I'm in Tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a Turn up to the Height,
And see gif all our Flock be feeding right :

Be this, Fine Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese
Will mak a Breakfast that a Laird might please;
Micht please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise
To deal an Meat with Health, instead of Spice.

Wha we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie Hae-m between two verdant Braes,
Where Lassies use to wash and spread their Claiths,
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth, and round.
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
First please your Eye, then gratifie your Ear;
While Jenny what she wishtes discommends,
And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. **C**ome, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;
The

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Simmer grow :
Between twa Birks out-o'er a little Lin,
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din :
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glas,
Kisses with easy Whirles the bordering Grass,
We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
'There wash our sells—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a Day.

Jenny. Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa Herds come brattling down the Brae,
And see us fae? That jeering Fellow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height.
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A *Herd* mair sheepist yet I never kend.
He kaimes his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribbon-knots at his Bonnet Lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a jee,
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.
He fals his Owrelay down his Breast with Care,
And sew gang trigger to the Kirk or Fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How dy'e?*—or, *There's a bonny Day.*

Peggy. Ye dash the Lad with constant slighting *Pride*,
Hatred for Love is unko fair to bide :
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawted Wean, that tarrows at its Meat,
That for some feckless Whim will orp and greet:

The

The lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.

Fy Jenny, think, and dinna sit your Time.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The Dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld.*

*The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor tatis tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

*I never thought a single Life a Crime,
Nor I——but Love in Whispers lets us ken,
That we were made for us, and we for Men.*

*If Roger is my Jo, he kens himsel,
For I can't say I never heard him tell,
He glows and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
But wha's oblig'd to fast in Hums and Haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er again.
They're Fools that should be free;
The Chiefs may a' know themselves for me.*

*Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a Mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.*

*Johnny. Heh, La's! how can you loo that Rattle-Skull?
Deel, that ay maun hae his Will.*

*How soon hear tell what a poor feightan Life
You will lead, sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.*

*Peggy. I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my Patie's Breast I'll lean my Head.*

There

There he may kiss as lang as Kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his Will: Why no; 'Tis good my Part
 To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen Days
 Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane;
 But soon as his Newfangelness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his Freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
 Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his Barlichoods ne'er stick
 To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust to Smiling:
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder Luck betide you.*

*Lasses, when their Fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a Life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to
 My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.
 There's nane of a' the Herds, that tread the Green,
 Has sic a Smile or sic twa glancing Een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
 His Words they thirle like Music throw my Heart.
 How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at little Fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
 He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
 The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.

His

His better Sense will lang his Love secure :
 Ill-Nature hefts in Sauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I ha'e,
 That has better Sense than any of thae
 Sour, weak, silly Fellows, that study, like Fools;
 To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.
 The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
 Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
 He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Jenny. Hey, Bony Lads of Branksome, or't be lang
 Your witty Pate will put you in a Sang.
 O it's a pleasant Thing to be a Bride;
 Syne Windging Gets about your Ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din :
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae Wean fa's sick, and scads it fell wi' Broe,
 Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe.
 The Deel gaes o'er John Wabster : Hame grows Hell;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsom Thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little Plaints, and keep them tight.
 Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee Torties about your Knee;
 When a' they ettle at your dearest Wish,
 Is to be made of, and to gain a Kiss?
 Can there be Toil in venting Day and Night
 The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

Jenny. But Poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Begg'ry draw,
 There little Love or canty Chear can come
 Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom :
 Your Nowt may die—the Spate may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay—
 The thick-blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows,
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.

A Dyvor buys your Butter, Woo and Cheefe,
 But on the Day of Payment breaks and flees,
 With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent.
 His Honour manna want, he poinds your Gear:
 Syne, driven frae House and Hald, where will ye flee?
 Dear *Meg* be wife, and lead a single Life:
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married Wife.

Peggy. May sic ill Luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic Pears, for that was never me.
 Let Fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd: Let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,
 That Lads should a' for Wives, thats vertuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty Man could never get
 A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let?
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Walth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 What'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
 And win the Vogue at Market, Tron, or Fair;
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware,
 A Flock o' Lambs, Cheefe, Butter, and some Woo,
 Shall first be said to pay the Laird his Due.
 Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus, without Fear,
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will flee
 And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,
 He'll blefs the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jenny. But what if some young Giglit on the Green
 With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,
 Shou'd gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
 And her kend Kisses, hardly worth a Feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that—dear *Jenny*, to be free
 There's some Men constanter in Love than we:
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
 They'll reason caumly, and with Kindness see
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile;
 Sae, whensoever they slight their Maiks at hame,
 'Tis Ten to Ane their Wives are maist to blame.

'Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art,
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.
 At Ev'n, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
 I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.
 In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-flane :
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
 The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.

Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good-Humour and white Bigonets shall be
 Guards, to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jenny. A Dish of marry'd Loveright soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
 Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,
 Than aught in Love the like of us can spy.

'See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side ;
 Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride :
 Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading Branches are increas'd,
 And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
 That in return defends it frae the West.
 Sic as stand singie (a State sae lik'd by you !)
 Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
 With the Assistance of a little Fae,
 Lies dern'd within my Breastr this mony a Day.

SANG VI. *Tune,* Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.

*I yield, dear Lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
 Frae Love proceeds complying ;
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us,
 They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,
 That by the Heartstrings leads us.*

Peggy. Alake! poor Pris'ner! *Jenny* th
That ye'll no let the wic Thing take the
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's*, or poor *Roger's* Man.

Jenny. Anither Time's as good—for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith:—if carker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this seems true, nae Lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug Thack House, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are seen:
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byer;
A Peet-stack joins and forms a rural Square.
The House is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-Seat invite his Friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. **G**OOD Morrow, Nibour *Symon*,—come
sit down,
And gie's your Cracks—What's a' the News in Town?
They tell me ye was in the Idler Day,
And sold your *Crummies*, and our bairn's Quey.
I'll warrant ye've cost a Pound of Cot and dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart;—and tent me bow, and Boy.
I've gather'd News, will lattle your Mind with Joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken the Turn.
Will gar our vile Oppressors, in a likeer way,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Heather Brae.

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah *Symmie*! (calling Childs) be'er
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies on hand;
Whilk soon flies round like Will-fire far and near.
But loose your Poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our Master been,

Our

Good Master, wha right wisely fled,
 For his Estate to save his Head,
 An' fou well, he bravely chose
 To shine, or set in Glory with Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick, and ane ca'd Monk,
 Has plaid the Rumble a right sleet Begunk;
 Restor'd King Charles, and ilka Thing's in Tune;
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna slaw,
 Tell o'er your News again! and swear til't a'.
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
 Now God be thanked that our Laird's come Hame,
 And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that Hag-rid us till our Guts did grane,
 Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir William fall enjoy his ane. }

SANG VII. *Tune*, Cald Kale in *Aberdeen*.

*Could be the Rebels Cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung up a' in a Woody.
 Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
 And ever high his Station,
 That bravely stands in the Defence
 Of Conscience, King, and Nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
 Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;

Nor gumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise,
 Our wealth, when we sat on Sunday's Claiiths.

Symon. But wad he lang, with senseless faucy Air,
 And our lyart Noddies to be bare.

What on your Breath? Symon—tak a Seat—

How's our Gude?—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?—

How's the black Cattle?—What gies Woo this Year?—

And he lase kindly Questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. *Tune*, Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,*

*Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour
To rise aboon Poverty :
Else, like the Pack-horse that's unfa
And burthen'd, will tumble down faim,
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd
And Rackers aft time their Rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,
Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
As gar'd me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear Nibour, will ye stay
And tak your Dinner here with me t'ie Day.
We'll send for *Elspie* too—and upo' Sight,
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Towel,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout an' brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife, and Wean,
Drink till they time the Gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna baulk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For here-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yestreen I slew two Wathers prime and fat ;
A sorlet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large Ham hangs reesting in the Nook.
I saw my fell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot, that scads the Whey, put on,
A Mutton Bouk to boil ;—and ane we'll roast,
And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares hae Cost.
Small are they thorn ; and the can mix fou nice
The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice,
Fat are the Puddings,—Heads and Feet well sung ;
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To pass this Aftersnoon with Glee and Game,
And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome Hae.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye all your Family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r sell, Auld Birky, never fear
But at your Banquet I shall first appear :

Faith,

pend the Bicker, and look bauld,
 That we are fail'd or auld,
 Froth, I'm younger be a score,
 With this good News than what I was before.
 I'll dance or Een ! Hey *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear ?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The Man's gain gyte ! Dear *Symon*, welcome here :

What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din ?
 Ye never let a Body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin ? Snuff !—Gae break your Wheel, and burn your Tow.

And set the meikleft Peet-stack in a Low :
 Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
 Since, ay again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth News indeed -- And wha wad tald you o't ?

Glaud. What's that to you ?—gae get my *Sunday's*
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands ; [Coar ;
 My Whyt-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands ;
 Then frae their Washing cry the Bairns in Haste,
 And make ye'rfells as trig, Head, Feet, and Waitt,
 As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een ;
 For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest *Madge*--and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gait,
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae' it. [Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open Field—a Cottage in a Glen,
 An auld Wif spinning at the sunny End.—
 At a sma' Distance, by a blasted Tree,
 With falded Arms, and bawf-rais'd Look ye see*

BAULDY his lane.

BAULDY. WHAT this !—I canna bear't ! 'Tis war
 than Hell,

To be iae burnt with Love, yet darna tell !
 O *Peggy*, sweeter than the dawning Day,
 Sweeter than gowany Glens or new-mawn Hay ;
 Blyther than Lambs that frisk out-o'er the Knows,
 Straighter than aught that on the Forest grows :

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
 The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
 Will be my Deid, that will be shortly seen!
 For *Pate* looes her—waes me! and she looes *Pate*,
 And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
 Made a daft Vow!—O! but ane be a Beast,
 That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.
 I darna speak my Mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy,
 'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some Witchcraft man
 To brak with ane, and win the other. Hear
 Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for a' Priests
 Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
 She can o'ercait the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And make the Deils obedient to her Crane,
 At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;
 Rins witherthins about the Humlock Low;
 And seven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
 Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes,
 Of this unsonsy Pictures aff she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gaes expire
 With flaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
 Stuck fou of Princess: the devilish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Maggie*, my sister, she's a Witch,
 When ane like me comes glibbie to the Deil,
 She and her cat is basking in the Sun,
 To speak my Brand, I wish, ane o' the Deil
 But I maun do't, and I should never mair
 They gallop fast, that *Devilcock* and *Plotcock*.

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*A green Kail-Yard, a little Fountain,
 Where Water poplin springs,
 There sits a Wife with wrinkled Front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG.

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle, an the King come.*

MAUSE. **P**EGGY, *now the King's come,*
 Peggy, *now the King's come,*
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, *since the King's come :*
Nae mair the Hawkys shalt thou milk,
But change thy Plaiding-Coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest Lucky of the Glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and rash at Threescore Ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a Thread with little Din,
 And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
 What brings my Bairn this Gait fae air at Marn ?
 Is there nae Muck to lead,—to thresh, nae Corn ?

Bauldy. Enough of baith—but something that requires
 Your helping Hand, employs now all my Cares.

Mause. My helping Hand, alake ? what can I do,
 That underneith beith Eild and Poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
 Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

Mause. Of what kind Wisdom think ye I'm possess't,
 That lifts my Character aboon the rest ?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in Herbs and Seasons of the Moon,
 By skilfu' Charms it's kend what ye have done.

Mause. What Fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
 That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.

When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn,
 When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn,

When *Bravony* Elf-shot never mair came Hame;
 When *Tibby* kirk'd and there nae Butter came;

When *Bessy* *Freetock's* chuffy-checked Wean
 To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
 When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw,
 And tint himself amang the Snaw;

When

When *Mungo's* Mear stood still, and swat with Fright,
 When he brought East the *Howdy* under Night.
 When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green,
 And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;
 You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
 And sae they may that mean to do ye Skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
 But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a Furlet of them mixt with Pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, Lad—now tell me y^r *D. Man*,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Bauldy. Then—I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of her—
Peggy likes *Pate*;—and *Patie's* bauld and flee,
 And looes sweet *Meg*—But *Neps* I down see—
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and the
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest Man.

Maufe. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
 Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night;
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,
 Worth all your Pease and Grots: take ye nae Carè.

Bauldy. Well, *Maufe*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
 But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the Wind;
 Syne Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the Night sae mist, I'll tine the Gait.
 We're a' to rant in *Symmie's*—at a Pease!

O will ye come like *Badrans* for a Pease?
 And there ye can our different ways see—
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and me.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may—but let us be what we
 'Tween you and me, else fear the Wind and we.

Bauldy. If I aught of you, *Society* may advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *Pease*—at a Pease!

Maufe. [her lane] This is a common Pease,
 That I'm a Witch, in common with the *Witch*,
 Because by Education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
 Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear,
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the Royal *Charles*, and *Right's* restor'd,
 A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.

The

The *bonny Foundling* that's brought up by *Gland*,
 Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd,
 Her Infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend
 Bow'd to th' *Usurper*, and her Death design'd;
 To establish him and his in all these Plains
 That by right Heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms,
 Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.
 I ken'st but me;—and if the Morn were come,
 The *Synners* Tales will gar them all sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behin' a Tree, upon the Plain,
 Patie and his Peggy meet.
 In Love without a vicious Stain,
 The bonny Lass and chearfu' Savain
 Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. **O** PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 Were baith cry'd Hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where *Primroses* thickest paint the Green,
 Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.

Hark, now the *Lav'rocks* chant aboon our Heads,
 As fast the *Westlin Winds* sough through the Reeds.

Peggy. The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy
 For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please. [*Breeze,*

Patie. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
 Gi'ould fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
 As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.

Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,
 Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flow'rs appear.
 Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
 That warble thro' the *Merle* or *Mavis*' Throates.

With

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peggy. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may deech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna stay;—ye Joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Patie. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness dr
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap,
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change sm
The Gaits to clim—the Sheep to yield the
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your Aith—But mony Lads will
swear,

And be mansworn to twa in Half a Year;
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I loo'd you mony a Year,
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardy gang,
Or lisp out Words, I thocht ye frae the Thrang
Came the Burns, and led thee by the Hand
As the Tansy, know or naby Strang;
Thou smiling by my Side—I wot Delight
To see the Rashes gaces, with Rook and Gilt
Of which, as well as my young Fanny cou'd,
For thee I lost the flow'ry Belt and Sash.

Peggy. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the
Hill,

And I to milk the Ews an' my Skill
To bear a Leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the Bught at Ev'n I met with thee.

S A N G X.

Tune, Winter was cauld and my Cleathing was thin.

P E G G Y.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the Green-Hill,
And I to Ew-milking first seyd my young Skill,
To bea' the Milk-bowrie no Pain was to me,
When I at the Boughting forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When Corn-riggs war'd yellow, and blue Hether-bells,
And I to Ew-milking first seyd my young Skill,
To bea' the Milk-bowrie no Pain was to me,
When I at the Boughting forgather'd with thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And cam' off the Victor, my Heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka Sport manly gawe Pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom-knows,
And Rose liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bes' gars our Lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better Skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lals of the Mill,
'Tis mony Times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

*How easy can Lasses trow what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;
I'll still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether-Bells
Grew bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
The Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
Gif thou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.*

*Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was slightering fain;
At a' these Sports thou still gawe Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

Patie.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the B.
 And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the*
 There' nane like *Nansie, Jenny*
 At Turns in *Maggy Lauder, Marion Angus*.
 But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter Skill
 The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*;
 It is a Thousand Times mair sweet to me,
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can Lassies trow what we de
 And roos'd, by them we love, blows up that Fi
 But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try
 Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
 Be still as now, and a' my Care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit Gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our Nowt behave:
 At naught they'll ferly,—senseless Tales believe,
 Be blyth for silly Hechts, for Trifles grieve—
 Sic ne'er could win my Heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
 But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,
 As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee,

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld Auntie's Cry,
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us cry.

Patie. And let them ferly,—now a' my Life,
 Or Fivescore good anes wad not be still
 And syne we'll sing the Song with tenor's Glee,
 That I made up last Owk on yon and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne clamy yon, Hie—

Patie. —Well I agree.

SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [*sings*.]

*By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
 And roving Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
 I guess, my Lassie, that, as well as I,
 Ye're made for Love; and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY.

PEGGY [*sings.*]

Ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
 And make us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:
 The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Pow'r,
 The unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE [*sings.*]

That gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
 Their Sweetness they may tine, and sue may ye.
 The cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
 Synce I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Half-year.

is HEGGY [*sings, falling into Patie's Arms.*]

Symdianna pow me, gently thus I sa'

My Patie's Arms for good and a':

But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
 And int nae farther, till we've got the Grace.

PATIE [*with his left Hand about her Waist.*]

O charming Armsfu', hence, ye Cares, away;

I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live lang Day,

All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,

'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin Skies,
 Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
 O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
 And haste about our Bridal Day;
 And, if you're weary'd, honest Light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.

[Let down the Curtain, and let them kiss.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lym,
 And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleech'd with Time;
 Elwan fills his Hand, his Habit mean,
 Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
 But awisht, it is the Knight in Masquerade,
 That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
 Thro' his auld Awns, ones delighfu' Groves.

D

Sir

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
 I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eye,
 With a full View of ev'ry fertile Plain,
 Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a Roof, the Gates fal'n from their Band,
 The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,
 The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
 My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
 That with each rainy Blatt decaying falls:
 My Gardens once adorn'd the most compleat
 With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks
 The dewy Flow'rs hung nodding on their Stalks:
 But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
 No *Jaccacinths* or *Hyacinthes* appear.
 How fail'd and broken the rising ample Shade,
 Where *Peach* and *Apple* Trees their Branches spread,
 Basking in Rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, and useful in the Use;
 All round in Groves the Wall in Ruin lies,
 And I am wand'ring round the ruin'd Branches fly.
 That I am thus he requir'd,—and now my joy
 Forbids all Grief,—when I am thus alone,
 My only Joy, and Object of my Care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his Merit fair,
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Sylvia* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 'Till we shou'd see what changing Times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Low,
 After his fleecy Charge, serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life! that's from Ambition free,
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully

A calm, contented Mortal, spends his Time
In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime.

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn
He starts as fresh as Roses blown,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleating Flocks.*

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.*

*Life happy from Ambition free,
Envy and vile Hypocrisie,
When Truth and Love with Joy agree,
Unfully'd with a Crime:*

*Unmow'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping up their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time,*

Now tow'rds good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,
And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day.
All on the Green, in a fair waken Ring,
My youthful Tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit Sir William.

SCENE II.

PASTORAL.

*The Symon's House, Peat Ingle, in,
And soft music heard within,
The Young Brood sport on the Green,
The auld anes think it best
With the brown Cow to clear their Een,
Sauff, crack, and take their Rest.*

*The Green Horn Spoons, Beech Luggies mingle
On Skelfs foregainst the Door.
While the Young Brood sport on the Green
The auld anes think it best
With the brown Cow to clear their Een,
Sauff, crack, and take their Rest.*

D 2

SYMON.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young bursells—I like to see
The Bairns bob round with other merry.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie* grows a strapan Lad,
And better Looks than his I never bade.
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa',
And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor Man!—he's a great Comfort to us bairns,
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaithe.
He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane,
And troth, my Niece is a right dainty Wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my sell.

Glaud. What Reason can ye have? there's nane I'm
Unless ye may cast up that the's but poor: [sure,
But gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of breeding Ewes of my ane Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fill a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bide;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs, at spaining Time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer,
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this Day Eight Days likely he shall learn,
That our Denial disna slight his Bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come gi's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their Healths gae round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*—by some'tis said,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid

Down

Down at yon Hallon Side, ae Morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

Glaud. That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg*, her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look:
Syna tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard.

His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
Nae thali gang hungry by my House this Day.

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling Fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout. *[Returns Jenny,*
bringing Sir William: with them Patie.]

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest Carle—here, take a Seat.

Sir Will. I give you Thanks, Goodman, I fe no be blate.

Glaud. *[drinks]* Come, t'ye, Friend—How far cam
ye the Day?

Sir Will. I pledged ye, Nicour—e'en but little Way:
Buddled with Wind, a wee piece Gate seems lang,
I am fatter'd o' the Wind, that I dow gang.

Glaud. Ye're welcome, but stay a' Night with me,
and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Symon. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Sir Will. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Glaud. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Symon. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Glaud. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Symon. I'll be as merry as the day: well, gin ye have a
word to say, and we'll be as merry as the day can gie.

Sir Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand—what
gars ye sneer?

Patie. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cat before the Point—But, Billy, byde,
I'll wager there's a Moufe-Mark on your Side.

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Elspa. Beteech us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the Deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir *Will.* I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be so.
But a short While, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

Elspa. A Laird! Hearye, Goodman? what think ye?
Symon. I dinna ken! Strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth!
Come, turn the Timmer to Laird *Patie's* Health!

[*Patie's Health goes wrong.*]

Patie. A Laird of twa good Whistles, and a
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate—and like to be;
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, *Patie*, let the Man look owre your Hand,
Aft-times as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand;
then counterfeits falling into a Trance,
while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's—the Man's a Warlock, or possit
With some nae good, or Second-Sight at least.
Where is he now?—

Glaud. —He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted Fowks, his Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Things to come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb—wow! he can tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see Sir *William*? Whisht he heaves
And speaks out broken Words like aye that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better,—*Elspa*, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a Tass of *Uisquebae*.

Sir Will. [*Starts up and speaks.*]

“ A Knight that for a LION fought

“ Against a Herd of Bears,

“ Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,

“ In which some Thousands shares.

“ But

" But now again the LION rears,
 " And Joy spreads o'er the Plain;
 " The LION has defeat the Bears,
 " The *Knight* returns again.
 " The *Knight* in a few Days shall bring
 " The shepherd frae the Fauld;
 " And shall present him to the King,
 " A subject true and bauld.
 " His sister *Patrick* shall be call'd—
 " All you that hear me now,
 " Shall well believe what I have tald,
 " For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your Spaeing happen soon and weel;
 But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
 To tell some Tales that Powks wad secret keep:
 Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard,
 Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:
 But I'll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,
 That all I prophesy will soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying Powks are odd kind Men!
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
 The wimpl'd Measur'd o' your onco Tale,
 Whilk soon will be a Noie o'er Moor and Dale.

Gland. I'll say nae Sportsman here how *Sym* believes,
 And tak't for certain, what the *Sym* man gives
 Of fawing, fawning, whilk he sells to *Pate*:
 But let us see with us trow at ony Rate.

Sir Will. Whilk I doubtless Carl, for ere the Sun
 Is driven down to the Sea,
 When I have said, ye shall see done
 In Part, or see quite credit me.

Gland. I'll be true, Friend; I shall say naithing
 But as ye two foxy Lasses young and fair, [mair,
 I hope, for Men: I wish ye could foresee
 The Portents, or them might bring Joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' Secrets can I list,
 In Darkness black the Bent,
 I have but anes a Day that Gift;
 The rest a while content.

Symon.

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Symon. *Elſa*, caſt on the Claith, fetch but ſome Meat,
And of your beſt gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hoſpitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd Tower to fetch a Walk,
With you, kind Friend, to have ſome private Talk.

Symon. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your Deſire—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your Pipe beſide the Fire;
We'll but gae round the Place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our Pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a Space, and ſee the young aches play,
My Heart's Rill light, abeit my Locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an Errand home,

Young Roger draps the Reſt,

To whiſper out his melting Flame,

And throw his Laffie's Breaf,

Behind a Buſh, well hid frae Sight, they meet :

See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let,
Am yet I ergh ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek?

Roger. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Ben:

And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your Scorn.

Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Ev'n and Morn.

Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be,

But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honeſt Lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay, that e'er I ſaid ye Nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,

For

'For fear some tighter Lad mair rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my Father, Calin *Meg* I love;
But, to this Day, nae Man my Heart cou'd move.
Except my ain, the Lad's alyke to me;
And say ye I had had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear *Jenny*?—say na that again;
What harm can ye tak in giving Pain?

Will ye no' be over that ye yet stand free;

Will ye no' be over that ye may rew, and pity me?

Will ye no' be over that ye may Pity else, to see you set

On a foolish track makes our Sweetness soon forget:

But we're bony, good, and ev'ry Thing!

How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!

But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,

Than we our Daffin, and tint Pow'r repent:

When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,

Altho' the first the greatest Drudge at Hame.

Roger. That only happens when for Sake of Gear

Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:

Or wheg dull Parents Bairns together bind,

Of diff'rent Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But Love, true downright Love, engages me

(Tho' you should scorn) in so delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd Words fra' Wooers Lips can sa'!

But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've seen with frowning fairs the morning rise,

And soon the early clouds obscur'd the Skies;

I've seen the silver Sun, a while rin clear,

And then be made a Bundle disappare.

The Maidens may rejoice, the Bride may smile;

But for Contractions a' their joys beguile.

At six I've seen the morning rise with fairest Light,

The Day unclouded, clear in calmest Night.

I've seen the Spring the wimpling throw the Plain,

And then the Ocean, without Stain.

The Maidens may be blyth, the Bride may smile;

But for Contractions a' their joys beguile.

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-Wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy Maid, beset with Love,
 Few Words will quickly gain;
 For I must own now since you're free
 This too-fond Heart of mine
 Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,
 Wist'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
 Upon thy Breast recline!
 The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
 Is Jenny then sae kind?—
 O let me briss thee to my Heart!
 And round my Arms enwine:
 Delightful Thought, we'll never part!
 Come, press thy Mouth to mine.*

Jenny. Were I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain
 The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:
 For, I maun own since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
 And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! ha'd my Head!—
 This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Deed.
 Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyrd
 With avond'ring Love! let's kifs till we be tyrd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Sun and Stars away,
 And ferly at the quick return of Day!
 O *Jenny*! let my Arms about thee twine,
 And briss thy bonny Breasts and Lips to mine.

[*They embrace*]

Jenny. With equal Joy my faster Heart does yield
 To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Field.
 Now by these warmest Kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

Roger

Roger. I swear by Fifty Thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Jenny. Well, I agree—neil to my Parent gae,
Get his Consent,—as'll hardly say ye Nae,
We have what will commend ye to him well;
And Bairns like them that want na Milk and Meal:

SCENE XLV. TOW, Over Bogie.

Will, Jenny, ye're sure of me;

Next to my Father you.

Will, I'll never be your Consent,

He'll hardly say ye Nae.

For ye have what he wad be at,

And will commend you weel,

Since Parents could think Love grows could

Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,

He'd contradict in vain;

Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,

But thee I will never part.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like the sea in only Degree;

And if you prove faithful to Love,

You'll find nae Fault in me.

Roger. My Bauid contains twice fifteen sorrow Nowt,
As many Newral to my sver rowt:

Five Pack of Woo I can at Lamm sell,

Shall be my hob-tail'd Bloater on the Fell.

Good Tenney Pair of Blankets for our Bed,

With meikle Cail, my thrifty Mither made.

Ilk Thing, that makes a hartome House and tight,

Will fill her Caro, my Father's great Delight.

—I'll leave me all, which now gi'es Joy to me,

Because I can give a' my Dear, to thee.

And had fifty Times as meikle mair,

Than what my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.

My Love and all is yours; now ha'd them fast,

And gae them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny.

Jenny. I'll do my best;—but see wha gangs this Way;
Patie and Meg—besides I maunna stay;
 Let's steal frae iher now, and meet the Morn;
 If we be seen, we'l dree a deal of Scorn.

Roger. To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin Pool,
 I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
 Keep Tryst and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our Loves; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sir
 Within a Gallery of the Place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baron shown his Face:
 But joking with the Shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the Gate he kens fu' well.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. **T**O whom belongs this House, so much
 decay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous Aid
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
 Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
 Wha fills us all with Joy, now He's come Hame.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William draps his masking Beard;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome Knight, with fond Regard,
 And grasps him round the Knees.*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breath!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!
 Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenants Sight!
 To bless his Son, my Charge, the World's Delight.
Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my Arms enjoy
 A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy;
 I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;

Since

Since still the Secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock—neist my ane Judgment fand
Out Reasons plenty—since without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks bauld and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
on their Friends—which gi'es their Souls a Cast,
it turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true,
There's Laird *Kytie's* Son, that's loo'd by few.

His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:
He gangs about fornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace,
Oppressing a', as Punishment o' their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ane Fam'ly as to give him Trust.

Sir Will. Such uselefs Branches of a Common-Wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son;
A Parent's Fondness eas'ly finds Excuse,
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his Praise, the langest Simmer Day
Wad be owre short—sou'd I them right display.
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,
That at o' Sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contell,
Patrick's made Judge to tell whase Cause is best,
And his Decree stands good—he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand,
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gar the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir Will. Your Tale much pleaseth—my good Friend
Proceed:

What Learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the School enough of Lair;

And he delysts in Books—he reads and speaks,
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin Words and Greeks.*

Sir Will. Waere gets he Books to read, and of what kind?
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheept' *Edenburgh Port*
He buys some Books of Hist'ry, Sangs, or Sport:
Nor does he want o' them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a Pouchfu' to the Hill.

About ane *Shakepear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.
How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King.
He kens fu' well, and gars the Verses ring.
I sometimes thought, that he made owre great
About fine Poems, Historiës and Play.

When I reprov'd him anes—a Book he bring
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my Ear,
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
Above a Lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book?
When we a Leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

Sir Will. Well jell'd, *Symon*,—but one Question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age, when little Love
Flighter around young Hearts, like cooing Dove
Has nae young Laffie, with inviting Mien
And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthfu' Heart.

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the fausest Tale
(Till late I saw him twa three Times mair
With *Glaud's* fair Niece) than I thought
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear.

Since, like your fell, your Son will soon be tall
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Quals
May blefs the fairest, best-born Lady in the Bow.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unwhimsical
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
 That but a while shall our first Meeting see.
 Master and Servant nigh at Hand,
 That court at the Time I gave Command :
 In his own Apparel I'll go dress ;
 And the Secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
 That none can know that is not down-right me.
 [Exit *Symon*.]

Sir William solus.

At this Event of Hope's Success appears,
 How happy Your cancels the Toil of Years.
 Your Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Care evanish like a Morning Dream ;
 Your Pleas'd-for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past, enhances the Delight.
 These joys I feel, that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late Distress.
 But from his rustic Business and Love,
 I must, in Haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To Courts and Camps, that may his Soul improve.
 Like the rough *Di'mond*, as it leaves the Mine,
 Only in little *Breakings* shews its Light,
 Till artful *Polishing* has made it shine :
 Thus Education makes the *Genius* bright.

SANG BY THE ACTORS. What is 'twas I met Yell-green.

From *Reverend* and *Learn'd*
 A *Genius* bright and *Learn'd* *Genius*
 My *Genius* *Genius* *Genius* *Genius*
 The *Genius* *Genius* *Genius* *Genius*

Through *Di'mond*, from the *Genius*
 The *Breakings* only shews its *Genius*
 The *Polishing* has made it shine :
 Thus *Learning* makes the *Genius* bright.

A C T IV. S C E N E

P R O L O G U E.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page
Glaud's Onset, — Enter Maufe.*

Maufe. OUR Laird come Hame, and
Pate his Heir!
That's News indeed!

Madge. — As true as ye stand t
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Ya
Sir William, like a Warlock, with a Be
Five Nives in Lenth, and white as driv
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a*
We ferly'd mickle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirl'd forth a Book.
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkylic pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then sure the Lassies, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

Madge. As fast as Fleas skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk flee *Tod Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he, to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days slid backward in a Pool:
In short, he did for *Pate* braw Things foretel,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew.

Pou'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Master; round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;
And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is don
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no, sae meikle as to *Pate* himself.
Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Maufe. It may be fae; wha kens, and may be no.

To

To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain :

And what has been tane a Queen out of the Plain,
And what has been before may be again.

Love tak Root bot Tocher-good,
And the Bairn, and ane of Gentle Blood !

In King BRUCE's Days might be ;
But now lies now we never see.

Love forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain,
And comes, and vow ! but he looks fain,

And Dougie thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Ho get her ! slaverin Doof ! it sets him weel
In a Plough where Patrick thought to teel !

I'd let young Master see—

Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he ;

But, whisht ! here Bauldy comes."

Enter Bauldy [*singing.*]

Jenny : Jenny : Jenny : Jenny : thou do't ?

Jenny : Jenny : Jenny : Jenny : for my Tocher-good ;

For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,

For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee, let it be.

Well, Bauldy, thou'st a dainty Sang ;

Bauldy, I'll give ye a' the better than 'tis lang.

[*sings again.*]

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee,
Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, in a Plough ;

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, o'er the Lee,

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, let it be.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and a Byer.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, I'll mak a raptin Fire ;

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and every fall we be,

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, let it be.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and a Byer.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, I'll mak a raptin Fire ;

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and every fall we be,

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, let it be.

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Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, let it be.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and a Byer.

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, I'll mak a raptin Fire ;

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, and every fall we be,

Love and Tocher, I winna marry thee, let it be.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. ——— Faith unco right :
I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, t

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane ?

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae dil
Poor bonny *Peggy*, wha maun think na
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *Willian*
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *M*
While *Meg*'s in Dumps, put in a Word
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* cou'd prove
Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my Love

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the
Where mony a 'Time to her your Heart
Fy, *Bauldy*, blash, and Vows of Love re
What other Lafs will trow a mansworn
The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
'That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my Niece so gray a Gate
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' well I wate

Bauldy. Sae gray a Gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest ;
Ye leed, auld Roudes,—and in faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ? ye sheveling-gabit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And ten sharp Nails, that, when my Hands are in,
Can flyp the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out-o'er your Chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,— I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bony Name,
And thou'd be serv'd as his good Breeding claim
Ye filthy Dog ! ———

*[Hees to his Hair like a Fury
—A stout Battle—Mause endeavours to redd them.]*

Mause. Let gang your Grips, fy, *Madge* !

Bauldy, leen.

I wadna wish this Tuilzie had been seen,
'Tis sae daft-like ———

[Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleed]

Madge. ——— 'Tis daster like to thole
An Ether-cap like him, to blaw the Coal.
It sets him with vile unscrapit Tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young.

They're

They're aulder yet than I have marry'd been,
 And, or they did, their Bairns Bairns have seen,
 and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame, }
 but her ain christen'd Name, }
 my Nose and Noddle find the same. }
Madge. And besides! filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.
Bauldy. Awe, no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest

Bauldy. Take Hands; this maun nae farder gae:
 I see the Lad looks wae.

Bauldy. To morn now, *Maufe*, I hae at *Madge* nae
 first was a' the Wyte [Spite;
 what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
 my Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae
 And ope'n your Faut to her that ye wad cheat. [greet,
 Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
 Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow and lowp back—was e'er the like heard tell?
 Swith tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

Bauldy. [running off] His Presence be about us!
 Curst were he,

That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.

Madge. [laughing] What a wee towzled his Hari-

love to me.

He's wad nae mair, and gae to serve

and he'll deserve.

and commend ye for't,

the little Sport:

But this Pardon he had that Scant of Grace,

breeding Lath, to tell me to my Face,

and I was a Fool, and wadna stand

him in this Case my helping Hand.

A Witch!—how had ye Patience this to bear,

he him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like

Folk Resentment to decline, [mine

'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we

Wise Cunning can the Lack of Pith supplie;

Thus

Thus I put aff Revenge till it was dark
 Syne bad him come, and we should gar
 I'm sure he'll keep his Tryst; and I can
 To seek your Help, that we the Fool m

Madge. And special Sport we'll hae,
 Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the
 A Linnen Sheet wound round me like a
 I'll cawk my Face, and grane and shake
 We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair
 A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

Maise. Then let us go, for see, 'tis ha
 The westlin Cloud shines with a setting L

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
 And the Green-sward grows damp with falling Dew,
 While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks throw the Broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak Farewel.*

Roger. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my Heart lowps
 light!

O Maister Patrick, ay your Thoughts were right :
 Sure Gentle-fowk are farther seen than we,
 That naithing hae to brag of Pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my Heart this Morn,
 Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae nair scorn.
 I spak my Mind, she heard, I spak again,
 She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't--But O my Change this Day
 Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've foud a Father, gently kind as brave,
 And an Estate that lifts me boon the lave.
 With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love con
 He all the Father to my Spul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly Breast,
 Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Ma
 Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing o' my Youth!
 Wha set too soon! And while he Praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' Checks a Torrent flow'd.

My

My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late-ken'd Sire I view'd,
 Whose sweet Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
 His Transport made my Head turn round,
 And his soft Words with rising Raptures found
 The happy Son of ane sae much renown'd.
 And I heard, — too faithful Symon's Fear
 To break my Love for Peggy to his Ear,
 — ah! this confounds my Peace,
 While thus to brag my Heart must sooner cease.
 Now, how to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand;
 But wad my Cafe, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.
Pattie. Duty, and hasten Reason plead his Cause:
 But Love rebels against all bounding Laws;
 Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
 And Part of my new Happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune*, Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and Part of Reason
 Plead strong on the Parent's Side,
 Which Love superior calls Treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:*

*For now tho' I am one of the Gentry,
 My Constancy Pledge out sends;
 For George is my Heart's true Entry,
 And I am his true Love's only end.*

Sir. Enjoy your heart, — Sir, if I shall will be won:
 — you're my only son.
 And this simple bond, and stronger Ties of Love,
 And your own heart, — all that I can move,
 I'll warrant you, thro' Life I will be true,
 And Obedience to a Parent's Due.

Sir. I'll not our Master and yourself to stay
 In this poor house, — ye are ye gawn away
 To some Court, or either far aff Parts,
 And leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?
Sir. To Edinburgh straight tomorrow we advance,
 And on neist, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some Years, and learn — to dance,

An

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

An twa three other Monkey-tricks :—That done,
I come Hame strutting in my red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel :
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear nae o'—

*Roger. They wha have just enough can follow the sheep,
The Owdrecome only fashes Fowk to keep.*—

Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak you ain Tale Hame.

Pattie. What was my Morning Thought at Night's
the same :

The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
Content's the greatest Blis we can procure
Frae boon the List.—Without it Kings are Poor.

Roger. But an Estate like yours yields bray Content,
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent
Fine Claiths, soft Beds, sweet Houses, sparkling Wine,
Rich Fare, and witty Friends whene'er ye dine,
Submissive Servants, Honour, Wealth, and Ease,
Wha's no content with these is ill to please.

Pattie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hov'ring o'er their Blis :
The Passions rule the Roast—and if they're four,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the fat devour :
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang, like the sharpest Goad, in Gentry's Side,
The Gouts, and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowk o'erlaid with Pleasure,
While o'er the Moor, the Shepherd with less Care,
Enjoys his sober With, and halefome Air.

Roger. Lord, Man, I wonder ay, and it delight's
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Pattie. Frae Books, the Walcof Books, I gat son
These best can teach what's real good and ill
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to wae some Stanes o'—
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

Roger.

Myger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:

Dis I'll have Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ky:

Thow let's hear how you're design'd to move

— Sir William's Will and Peggy's Love.

Then here's his Will—his Will maun be obey'd,

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

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—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

—his Will is here, and she shall be my Bride:

Then I! poor me!—with Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envi'd by the rattling Gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play,
 And rin, haff breathless, round the Ruck of
 As aft-times I hae fled from thee right fast,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my Vow,—'twill help to give me Ease:
 May sudden Death, or deadly sair Disease,
 And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

S A N G XVII.

Tune, Wae's my Heart that we shou'd sunder.

*Speak on, speak thus, and still my Grief;
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears that soon will want Relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler Face, and Silk Attire,
 A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from my Peggy's Bosom.
 No more the Shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder
 Shall now his Peggy's Praises ten,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander
 Sweet-scented Rucks, round which we play
 You'll lose your Sweets when we're asun-
 Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent Duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly Beauty?*

Hear

*Hear, Head'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring Lover,
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

He. Sure Heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll never gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
 Come, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
 I'd hate my rising Fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair Foundation of our faithfu' Love.
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Sceptres laid,
 To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
 To us as have the Patience to be Kings.
 Wherefore that Tear? believe and calm thy Mind.

Peggy. I greet for Joy, to hear my Love sae Kind;
When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,
Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
My Heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me:
With Patience then I'll wait till it wheeles a Year,

They're the good, fine, Day Bar appear ;

Am: 11/11/11

14 gals. su. 10 lbs. wax. 10 lbs. turp. 10 lbs. oil.

And will be under way for the 1966-67 School

1998-1999

SANG XVII. Two, "Twice-Side."

My heart it was going to break;
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
Where-e'er my Love travels by Day,
Wherever he lodges by Night;
With me his dear Image shall stay,
And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.

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*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
And study the gentlest Charms;
Hope Time away till thou appear,
So lock thee for ay in these Arms.
Whilst thou wast a Slave,
No higher Degree is
But now I'll endeavour
To a Height is becom*

*For Beauty, that's only
Must fade like the Gentle
But, inwardly rooted,
For ever, without a
Nor Age, nor the Change
Can quench the fair
If Virtue's ingrain'd in
And the Husband have*

Patie. ——— That's w
And what he wares that Way
Tho' without a' the little H
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart,
Yet now, left in our Station we offend,
We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the Thing we hate,
And drap Serenity, to keep up State:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the Fashion, when we're blis, form wae:
Pay Compliments to them we an' have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them, when their Backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is Gentry, I had rather
What I am still—but I'll be right with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I bat only jest
With Gentry's Apes; for still, among the best,
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,
When native Virtues join the Arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Exp
My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous Sea
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?

Sir William's cruel that wad force his Son,
 For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run.
Patie. There is nae doubt but Trav'ling does improve,
 Yea, I wou'd thun it for thy Sake, my Love :
 But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast
 For foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

Peggy. At setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit a' the Birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and bid my Blush
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-Shaw or Fountain ;
 Or where the Summer day I'd share
 With thee on some Mountain.

And Flow'rs, and tender ;
 Love is yours
 I wander.

At setting Day and rising Morn,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return.
 I'll visit a' the Birken-Brae,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and bid my Blush
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-Shaw or Fountain ;
 Or where the Summer day I'd share
 With thee on some Mountain.
 And Flow'rs, and tender ;
 Love is yours
 I wander.

Peggy. Were ilka Hair that appertains to me
 Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee :

My Sheers are ready, take what you demand,
 And aught what Love with Virtue may command.
Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little Time
 To war't on Words, wad border on a Crime,
 Love's faster Meaning better is exprest,
 When it's with Kisses on the Heart imprest.

[*Here they embrace, and the Curtain's let down.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
 And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:
 Bare-legg'd with Night-Cap, and unbotton'd Coat,
 See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent Hour?
 When Nature nods beneath the drowsy Power,
 Far to the North the scant approaching Light
 Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
 What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wae?
 Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand
Bauldy. O len me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale,
 My Head's grown giddy—Legs with shaking fail
 I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night mair.
 Alake! I'll never be my self again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon.* O, Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a Drink.*]

Symon. What ails thee, Gowk!—to mangle me?
 You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his Bed;
 He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his Tread.

[*Enter Sir William.*]

Sir Will. How goes the Night? does day-light
Symon. you're very tymously aleeer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest,
 But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Spirit oppress'd.
 He's seen some Witch, or wrestled with a Ghast.

Bauldy. O! ay—dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
 And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir Will. (*Smiling*) I lang to hear't—

Bauldy. —Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,
 That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
 First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart Laffie's Heart:
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,
 But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!
 For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good
 (The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
 Rais'd up a Ghaist, or Deel, I kenna wilk,
 Like a dead Coarse in Sheet as white as Milk;
 Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,
 Upon me fast the Witch and it fell baith,
 Lows'd down my Brecks, while I, like a great Fool,
 Was labour'd as I wont to be at School.
 My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,
 I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
 Till with an elritch Laugh they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I, haf dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the Deel his Due.
 I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 'Till in a fat Tar-Barrel *Mause* be brunt.

Sir Will. Well *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll *Ray* *Life* and *wa* three mae,
 To catch her fast, or me get Leave to squeel,
 And cast her Cantrips that bring up the Deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,
 Th' Witch and Ghaist have made themselves good Sport.
 What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
 That is, throw Want of Education, blind!

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic
 Witches rising Deels up throw a Ring, [Thing,
 Playing Tricks, a Thousand I could tell,
 I'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell?

Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
 Among a few old Women, craz'd and poor,

54 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
 O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
 Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
 Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
 While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomstuffs ride,
 Or in an Egg-shell skim out-o'er the Main,
 To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
 Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
 By tumbling down the Boards, Chairs and Stools.
 Whate'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
 Such Whimfies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
 Had eithe meikle Sense, or yet was rich;
 But *Maufe*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest Life,
 That gars me think this Hoble-shew that's past,
 Will land in naithing but a *lake* at last.

Sir Will. I'm surr'd he's out o' the realm, I find
 Commands the *Im* to *March* down *the* *hill*
 Bid raise my *Serv* to *the* *hills* *and* *dale*
 Whilst I walk out to *the* *hills* *and* *dale*.

SANG XI.

The bonny gray
 And Darknes
 The heavy Hin
 To follow be
 Without a guile
 The Lark an
 And he joins the
 From Toil of
 While fluster'd
 Of half an
 The Drunkard
 Wisbing for
 Be my Portion,
 Plac'd at due
 Where neither
 Reach him tw

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,
With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair,
Glaud, by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek;
The rising Sun shines motty throw the Reek.
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lassies please his Een,
And now and then his Joke maun interveen.*

Gland. I Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night.
Ye do not use so soon to see the Light;
Nae doubt but ye intend to mix the Thrang,
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
But, do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
The poor Landwart Lassies will regard?

"After now, I'm very sure,
He has more sense than Eight odd Friends tho' poor:
But whether he can learn more
Tug,

and he'll do't again;

Train :

... a Wife,

What Is the Impact of the Legal Life?

... will forfake

...of being a Rake.

Sure if it means aught

my Skill. fill.

thought of the Affair.

...e's unco rare :

at thinks nae Shame

to Name :

...you'll never stop

ad the Clap:

ou, with yondith flusht.

...you're debauch'd.

er gi'e

...public as he.

s. and of gentle Blood:

him, be good?

...Gentry mae than he

...than we:

...e put up with Pride

...ilk haly Guide, That

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

That shaws the Gait to Heaven,—I've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin and Hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink.—
But I'm no f ying this, as if I thought

That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better Things,
But here comes Aunt, her Face some Ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haft, haft ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House; the Knight sits Judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my Staff--*Madge*, lock the outer Door,
And bring the Lassies wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Exit Glaud.*]

Madge. Poor *Meg*!--Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een!

This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,

To strut a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross;

To change his Kent cut frae the branchy Plain

For a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Cane.

To leave his Ram-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,

For gentler Tea, that smells like new-won Hay,

To leave the Green-swaired Dance, when we gae milk,

To rustle among the Beauties clad in Silk.

But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherd stay,

And take what God will send in Hodden-Gray.

Peggy. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your Scora?

That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,

I ne'er had notice'd *Patie* on the Green:

Now since he rises, why should I repine?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.

And then, the like has been, if the Decree

Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Madge. A bonny Story trowth!—But we delay;

Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away. [*Exit*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud Laughter bear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the Tarox
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brake Good-Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.*

Sir W. **A**ND was that all? Well, Archbald, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my Faut thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en Doilt to seek the Deel:
Yet with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's a fairer and a sweeter —

Archbald. I'm sure, Sir, — but I had best
Glaud in my Tongue; for yonder comes the Ghast,
And I'm sure, Sir, —

Maufe. Sir, —

Sir W. This is a Perjury; what's the Laughter's she
That was the —

Maufe. Sir, —

Sir W. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?

Maufe. Sir, —

Sir W. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?

Glaud. — Sir, she's my Niece —

And yet she's not — but I should had my Peace.

Sir W. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

Glaud.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year --

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon : I'm all Impatience !

Patie. ——— So am I !

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my Master orders, I obey—

This *bony Fundling*, ae clear Morn of *May*,

Clofe by the Lee-side of my Door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In Infant Weeds, of rich and gentle Make.

What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake ?

Wha, warse than Brutes, could leave expos'd to Air

Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young ? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa Towmands auld to be.

I took her in my Arms the Bairnie smil'd

With sic a Look, wad made a Savage mild.

I bid the Story : she has pass'd sincesyne

As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine :

Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,

For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bony ; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood ;

Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange !

Patie. ——— The Tale delights my Ear !

Sir Will. Command your Jo's, young Man, till

Truth appear.

Mause. That be my Task--Now, Sir, bid all be bairn,

Peggy may smile—Thou hast no Cause to blush.

Lang have I wish'd to see this happy Day,

That I might safely to the Truth give way ;

That I may now *Sir William Worthy* name

The best and nearest Parent she can claim

He saw't at first, and with quick Eyes did trace

His Sister's Beauties in her Daughter's Face

Sir Will. Old Woman, do not rave--prove what you

'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

Patie. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have

To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave

How, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
every Thing that looks like Reason want.

Enter Sir William. The Story's odd! we wish we heard it out.
Sir, Make haste good Woman and resolve each Doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me well, has fifteen Years so plew'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,

But here lies an unknown Stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her Mother, that now holds my Hand? }

Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir William. Hark, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;

Yet from the Lab'rinth to lead out my Mind,

Say, the Nurse her who was so unkind?

Mause. *Embraces Peggy, and makes her sit down by him.*

But surely thou'rt my Niece! Truth must prevail,

But no more Words, till *Mause* relate her Tale.

Enter Sir William. Good Nurse dispatch thy Story winged with
that I may give my Culin fifty Kisses. [Blisses

Peggy. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-Life,

Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.

Myself I sang; but I the Secret knew,

Perfu'd with avaricious View

Of the Estate which they're now possess:

And now I can't but confident confess.

Myself I sav'd with Trembling dread,

The Infant's Mother in her Bed.

When all was sunk in Rest,

And the Nurse I softly prest,

And so I dovent away,

And well I came ten Miles e'er Day.

And when the Day was done,

And the Night by the Moon,

And the Night I reach'd these Plains,

And plenty of good your chearful Swains.

Being found out, I, to secure

Laid her at this Shepherd's Door,

Nighb'ring Cottage here, that I,

And happen to her, might be by.

And I myself, and *Symon* may

And how I that very Day

Frae Roger's Father took my little Crove.

Glaud, [*with Tears of Joy bapping down his Beard*]

I well remember't : Lord reward your Love :

Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
Sic Knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt—my Joys are full,
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.

Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms :
She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair. [*Care,*
Equal with *Patrick*, now my greatest Aim
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well-match'd Flame.
My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Patie. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

Sir Will. [*raises them*] I give you both my Blessing ;
may your Love

Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

Peggy. My Wishes are compleat,—my Joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest Surpriise ;
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me so much gen'rous Kindness ha's ?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy Plans,
Happy while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our Guardian, till our Master be.
We'll only crave what ye shall please to gie.
Th' Estate be your's, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
On them that sought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir Will. The base unnat'ral Villain foot I'll know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs belov'd :
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peggy. To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate
Seem light when put in Balance with my *Pate* :
For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

Symon. What double Blythness wakens up this Day!
 I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
 Sell your unsaddle your Horse, and gar prepare
 A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
 See how much Joy unwrinkles ev'ry Brow;
 Our Looks hing on the Twa, and doat on you!
 Even *Bauldy*, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
 Fell *Madge's* Tawz, and pawky *Maufe's* Plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old Man, remain with you this Day!
 I never from these Fields again will stray;
 Masons and Wrights shall soon my House repair,
 And busy Gard'ners shall new Planting rear:
 My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoice with me.

Claud. That's the best News I heard this twenty Year!
 Now Joy breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Claud. God save the King, and save Sir *William* lang,
 To carry their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

Peggy. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
 Wha Shepherds whistle winna like the Spring?

Largely. I'm Friend with *Maufe*,—with very *Madge*
 I'm free'd,

Altho' they kelpit me when woody fleid!
 But now I'm blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing *Largely* Sir *William* live.

Maufe. I'm sorry he lives, and *Will*, *Bald*, learn to
 Your Father's ways, and think before ye speak, [Reek
 And never let her see what wants a Man,
 Else ye'll get her name Witch's Finger ban.
 This Day I'll with the youngest of ye part,
 And bring home that I was call'd the Mont
 Of our young Lads, my dear Lony Bawn.

Peggy. No more I'll ever for you learn.—
 And, my good Nurie, how shall I gratefu' be
 For a' the watchless Kindness done for me?

Maufe. The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day
 Does fully all I can require, repay.

Sir Will. To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Claud*, to
 And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu, [you,
 As ye possess, as justly due,

THE GLOSSARY.

Gates, Ways, Courses	grey Cloth	whence the Water falls
H	Hapt, covered up	
HAME, Home	Happing, heping, fall- ing down	Lave, the rest
Hameward, homeward	I	Langsome, tiresome, je- dious
Hartfome, gladfome, pleasant	ILKA, each, every	Laird, Landlord, in ge- neral for any Man of Estate
Hinder Night, last night	Jo, Sweetheart	
Haffet, Side of the Face	Ingle-side, fire-side	Lyart, boary, grey
Hinny, Honey	Ither, other; also one	Lucky, Gammer
Hound, hunt	another	Laith, loth
Hawflock, Wool next the Wind-pipe	Ingans, Onions	Laverocks, Lokke
Hald, had, hold	K	Lilt, to sing briskly
Height, Top of the Hill	KENS, knows	Liltit, merrily chanied
Howm, a Valley by a River	Kend, knew	Luggies, cows
Het, hot	known	Jear, to learn
Healthful, healthful	Kiltit, tucked up	Lair, learning
Haith, indeed, in faith	Kames, Combs	Loof, the Palm of the Hand
Hards, Swains, Sheep- dangerous	Kittle, to sickle; it also signifies difficult,	or Leed, d'd
Heh! bab!	Kail - Yard, Kitchen- Garden	Leen, to leave off, give over
Heffs, lodges, inhabits	Kirn'd, churn'd	Landwart, country, ra- ral, clownish
Halefome, wholesome	Kenna, know not	Labour'd, thresh'd
Heather-Bracs, Hills, on which Heath grows	Ky, Cows	Lows'd, uny'd, loos'd
Hidlings, lurking Places	Kirn, churn	M
Hadna, had not	Kent, a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole	MAUN, must
He' cryestreen, the night before last	L	Mair, more
Haggies, a sort of Pud- ding	LUGS, Ears	Mony, many
Haf, half	Leglens, Milking- Pails	Mint, to aim at, or make a Motion to do any Thing
Howk, to dig	Loan, Milking-Place	Mislock, Misfortune
Humlock, Hemlock	Loft, to loose	Mak, make
Hawkys, Cows	Lout, to stoop	Meg Doy's, Mrs. Scorn- ful
Howdy, a Midwife	Low, flame	Misc, v. to mix, i, or call Name
Hing, Hang	Lowan, burning, flaming	Meikle, much
Hether-bell, Heath- Buds	Lang, long	Meik, Diabolical
Hechts, Promises	Loes, loves	Mair, more
Hallon-Side, by a Hol- ly-Tree	Lowp, to leap	Maid, Maiden, Wife
Hae, have	Lowping, leaping	Midding, Dumb-bill
Ha', Hall	Leel, sincere, honest	Mailens, farms
Howt! fy!	Linkan, stepping briskly, or hastily	Manna, must not
Hasten, partly	Lee, fallow land	Muck, Dun
Hool, the Shell	Lap, leap'd	Mither, Mother
Hoblethrew, a mobish Riot, or Quarrel	Leugh, laugh'd	Mear, Mare
Haly, Holy	List, the Sky; also to re- move	Mirb, dark, to darken
Hodden-gray, a coarse	Lin, a Precipice, or na- tural Cascade, from Mavis, Throth	Merie, Merkin

Manforn

Manfworth, *perjur'd*, Peat-Ingle, *Turf-free* Sic, *such*
perjur'd Pouch, Pocket Sell, *self*
 Moule-mat, any mark Pouchfu', Pocket-full Shaw, *show*; also *Shrub-*
received by a Member's Pawkylie, *fully, cunningly* wood
longing Pleugh, a Plough Shawn, *shown*
 Mennin, Minnow Pith, *strength* Stock, a Reed, or Pipe
 Mac, more Petted, fondled, pamper'd Spring, a Tune
 N Pitchleis, faint, weak Spear, to ask
 N

A, no, net

Nae, no

Nane, none

Nibbar, Neighbour

Nowt, Oxen

Needna, need not

Near, next

Nocht, nought

Newmawn, a new mow'd

No, not

New-cal, young Calves

Nives, double Fists

Nor, than

O

NY, any

Out-o'er, hanging

over, also quite over

Bar-lane, alone, by our-

salves

Owrelay, a Cravat

Owrelaid, overlaid, a-

verwhelmed

O'er-put, to overcome

Our, over, too much

Orp, to write of's self

Or, before

Owk, Week

O't, of it

Oxter, Arm-pi-

Owfen, Oxen

P

PA, did out

Paught, proud,

haughty

Propine, a Present

Peebles, Pebbles

Penfylie, fantastically

Poet-Stack, Stack of

dry'd Turf for firing

Pre, a Sku-

Prines, Pin

Poplan, poppling

Ponertith, Poverty

Pou, pull

R

Owing, rowan, Snooded, filleted, ty'd up

Rolling

Row'd, roll'd, or wrapt

Redd up, to clean up, or

clear up; also to tell; Sets, be Stripes, or Rows

to be afraid; to part of Colours in Weaving

Folks quarrelling

Revel'd, entangled

Rin, run

Routh, plenty

Rise, abundant, plentiful

Racket-rent, Rack-rent

Reefing, drying

Rant, to make merry

Ranting, rowfing, jolly

Rash, green, or young

Raishy, rushy, or grown

over with Rushes

Rashies, Rushes

Roos'd, prais'd

Rousted, grown stiff, or

rusty

Rew, to repent, relent

Rowt, to row, or make

a great Noise

Rondes, a hard Name

Rock, a Distaff

Rever, Rever, or Pyrate

Rucks, Ricks

Reck, Smoke

Roove, confirm, or rivet

S

SALL, shall

Saugh, Willow-

trees

Sae, so

Spill, spoil

Slid, smooth, slippery

Syne, since, then

Smoor, smother

Smoor'd, smother'd

Sma, small

Snaw, Snow

Saebiens, since it is so

Skiffing, shipping

Saul, Soul

Sair, fore

Sets, be Stripes, or Rows

Sillet, Silver

Sprangs, Stripes,

Rows

Shave, a Slice

Singand, singing

Strak, struck

Scart, to scrape, also

scratch

Skaith, Loss, Damage

Scads, scalds

Sald, sold

Seething, boiling

Stend, to take long steps

Stent, to tax; also to hint

Scor'd, ibreathened

Sled, Sledge

Sung, sing'd

Snuff! pipe! also to take

Snuff

Slaw, slow

Shaw, a little Wood

Swat, sweated

Slee, fly

Skelfs, Skelves

Strapan, strapping, lusty

Spaining, weaning

Spae-men, fortunetellers

Saws, Prognostications

Spae, to tell Fortune

Snood, a Fillet, or Gar-

land

Sark, Shirt

Sayna, say not

Starns, Stars

Samen, the same

Skair, a Share, or share

Steghu

Steglt, *stuffed*, or Thirle, *it ill* Wood, *mad*
crammed Tyne, *to lose* Wordy, *worthy*
 Sornan, *mumping*, or Trone, *the Name of a* Wimpling, *binding*
begging particular Market-Wark, *Work*
 Scrimp, *ill provided* place Whirles, *Eddies*
 Scrimpit, *finted* Thack, *Thatch* Whilk, *whisk*
 Sindie, *seldom* Taid, *Toads* Wean, *Child*
 Siccan, *suck-like* Than, *then* War, *war's*
 Slaving, *drivelling*, Thrang, *the Crowd*, or Wins, *gains*
or slobbering Throng Weo, *Wood*, also *to court*
 Snaw-balls, *Jokes* Titty, *Sister* Will fire, *wild-fire*
 Swith, *soon*, *savistly* Tafs, *a Cup* Wale, *to chuse*, the *choise*
 Shoon, *Shoes* Thow, *to thaw*, or melt Withershins, *to move*
 Stang, *stung* The, *thee* *contrary ways*
 Swaird, *the Surface of* Tryst, *Appointment*, to Warlock, *Wizzard*
the Grass appoint Weil, *well*
 Stanes, *Stones* Tocher, *Tocher-good*, Wae, *woe* also *sorrowful*
 Stap, *stop* *one's portion*, or *fortune* Wife, *old Woman*
 Sawn, *sawn* Teill, *to till* Wyte, *blame*
 Sincelyne, *ever since* To, *too* Wrang, *wrong*
 Sakelss, *forsaken*, de-Tuilzie, *a Broil*, also *to* Westin, *western*
stute of Friends quarrel Whinn, *Furze*
 Scaw, *stolen* Towin'd slapp'd hang'd Whafe, *whafe*
 Skelpit, *to be slapt*, or U Whisht! *hush!*
whipt on the Posterior UNlikly, *unpersen-* Wriapled, *intricate*
 Steek, *to shut* able, *unseemly*, im-Waws, *Walls*
 T probable Warst, *worst*
 TEnting, *tending* Unko, *strangely*, won-Wow! *strange!*
 Thrawart, *cross*, derfully; *strange*, Winna, *will not*
or evil wonderful Wond, *wound up*, or
 Ted, *a Fox* Unsonsy, *unlucky*, dia- wrapound with any
 Thole, *endure*, suffer *bolical* thing
 Till, *to* Unscrapit, *filthy*, or Ware, *to expend*, lay out,
 Tald, *told* *what wants scraping* to fish, *to pump out* a
 Tint, *lost* V Secre
 Thrievellss, *trifling*, VIRLES, *Rings* Withouten, *without*
needless Visly, *to take a* Watna, *that's*, no body
 Trow, *to be sure of*, to view kno's *what*
know, *to believe* W Wins to dwell
 Tak, *to take* W Arldly, *worldly* Wrig, *wringer*
 Tane, *taken* W Winsome, *en-* Woody, *modly*
 Twa, *two* *gaging*, *delightful*
 Tent, *to take notice of*, Wathers, *waters*
to watch, *observe*, or Wad, *would*
remark Wha, *who*
 Tyke, *Dog* Wat, *root*
 Trigg, *spring*, *clean* Whinging, *whining*
 Tarrow, *leards* Wist, *know*
 Teither-stake, *Halter-* Waff, *snely*
stake Wi, *with*
 Thae, *these* Wie, *little*

Act 3.

COMUS.

Scene



J. B. del.

Printed for B. & R. Hoag, Theatre, Feb. 15. 1777.

Thames-street, London.

MISS CATLEY in the Character of *EUPHROSINE*
All I hope of Mortal Man,
Is to Love me—whilst he can.

Beil's Characteristickal Edition.

C O M - U S.

A MASK. BY JOHN MILTON.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. WILD PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Now to my charms—and to my wily trains—Thus I hurl—My dazling spells into the
spongy air—Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion—And give it false presentments
—I under false pretence of friendly ends—And well-plac'd words of glowing courtesy—
Baited with reasons not unpalatable—Wind me into the easy-hearted man—And hug him in
to snares.

COMUS.

Some there are that by due steps aspire—To lay their just hands on that golden key—
That opens the palace of Eternity—To such my errand is, and but for such—I would not
sell these pure ambrosial weeds—With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould—I was
dispatch'd for their defence and guard—For this—Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star—
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convey—As now I do.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Instant I flood'd my wing, and downward sped—With thine to join—My kindred aid, from
mortals ne'er withheld—When Virtue on the brink of peril stands—Swift as winged winds
to my glad charge I fly.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Let us be free—And to secure our freedom virtuous—This I hold firm—Virtue may be
sland'rd but never hurt—Surpris'd by unjust force but not inthrall'd—Against the opposing
will and bent of Heav'n—May never this just sword be lifted up—But for that dam'd mas-
sacrer—I'll first run out—And force him to restore his purchase back—Or drag him by the
curls to a foul death—Curs'd as his life.

ELD. BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister! Again! again!—Hail draw, and stand upon our guard—What are
you?—Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

YOUNG BROTHER.

I believe—That he, the Supreme Good—Would send a glistering guardian, if need were—
To keep my life and honour unsalld—I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments—And
Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

LADY.

Simple Nymphs! learn of me—How to treat inconstancy—Farewell lovers when they're
cloy'd—If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd—Sure the Germanish fops are free—To rid me of
dull company—They have charms whilst mine can please—I love them much, but more my
safety—Nor jealous fears my love molest—Nor faithless vows shall break my rest—Why
should I ever give me pain—Who to give me joy disdain—All I hope of mortal man—
Is to love me well he can.

EUPHROSINE.

'Tis my office too—To help inspired Chastity.

SABRINA.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINE, for Beil, LONDON, 1782.

PREFACE.

THIS Mask was first represented at Ludlow-Castle on Michaelmas-day 1634, before the right honourable the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales: the principal performers were the Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and the Lady Alice Egerton*. In the year 1774 it was abridged, and has ever since been performed as an afterpiece at the theatre royal in Covent-garden. The following were the reasons offered to the publick in favour of the abridgement, and were prefixed to an edition of the piece then published in its curtailed state.

"Pure poetry, unmixt with passion, however admired in the closet, has scarce ever been able to sustain itself on the stage. In this Abridgment of Milton's *Comus* no circumstance of the drama contained in the original Mask is omitted. The divine arguments on temperance and chastity, together with many descriptive passages, are indeed expunged or contracted; but divine as they are the most accomplished declaimers have been embarrassed in the recitation of them: the speaker vainly laboured to prevent a coldness and languor in the audience; and it cannot be dissimuled that The Mask of *Comus*, with all its poetical beauties, not only maintained its place on the theatre chiefly by the assistance of musick; but the musick itself, as if overwhelmed by the weight of the drama, almost sunk with it, and became in a manner lost to the stage. That musick, formerly heard and applauded with rapture, is now restored, and the Mask on the above considerations is cancelled.

"As a further argument in favour of the drama in its present form it might perhaps be urged that the festivity of the character of *Comus* is heightened by his assisting in the vocal parts as well as in the dialogue, and that theatrical propriety is no longer violated in the character of the Lady, who now breaks the echo in her own person, without absurdly leaving a scene vacant as heretofore, while another voice warbled out the song which the Lady was to be supposed to execute.

"To conclude, it may not be impertinent to observe, that The Faithful Shepherdess of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful compositions in our language, not only afforded our Author the first hint of this Mask, but that several brilliant passages of *Comus* are imitated from that excellent performance: yet it is remarkable that the play of The Faithful Shepherdess, being merely poetical, was condemned on its first representation: for which hard fate, though succeeding critics have reprehended the barbarism of that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to restore the hapless drama to the stage."

The musick was originally composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, who also represented the Attendant spirit. The present musick is the composition of Dr. Arne.

PROLOGUE.

OUR fittest bard, to his own genius true,
Still had his Muse "fit audience find tho' few;"
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name:
But now his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around:
All things his eye, thro' ev'ry's bright empire thrown,
Beheld, and made what it beheld his own.

Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth,
And your's to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
More wide the manna thro' the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Thro' mazy error's dark perplexing wood
Points out the path of true and real good,
Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magick vice by reason's aid.

Attend the strains; and should some meaner phrase
Hang on the style and clog the nobler lays,
Excuse what we with trembling hand supply
To give his beauties to the publick eye:
His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean
Thro' which his spirit is in action seen.
Observe the force, observe the flame divine
That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart;
Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part:
Be there your judgments, here your candour shewn;
Small is our passion, and we wish 'twere none.

* Paradise Lost, Book VII. ver. 31.

Dramatis Personae.

Country-garden.

MEN.

COMUS,	—	—	—	Mr. Muttons.
FIRST SPIRIT,	—	—	—	Mr. Hull.
SECOND SPIRIT,	—	—	—	Mr. L'Estrange.
ELDER BROTHER,	—	—	—	Mr. Whitfield.
YOUNGER BROTHER,	—	—	—	Mr. Robson.
BACCHANALS,	—	—	—	Mr. Reinhold,
				Mr. Mahon, &c.

WOMEN.

LADY,	—	—	—	Mrs. Jackson.
EUPHROSINE,	—	—	—	Miss Catley.
BACCHANTES,	—	—	—	Miss Dayes
				Miss Ambrose, &c.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH,				Miss Brown.
Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.				

COMUS.

ACT I.

The first SCENE discovers a wild wood.

The first Attendant Spirit enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 " My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 " Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
 " In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 " Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 " Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
 " Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here
 " Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 " Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 " After this mortal change, to her true servants
 " Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
 " Yet some there are that by due steps aspire
 " To lay their just hands on that golden key
 " That opens the palace of Eternity:
 " To such my errand is; and but for such
 " I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 " With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 " But whence yon' slanting stream of purer light
 " Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
 " Its beamy point? Some messenger from Jove
 " Commission'd to direct our heavenly charge,
 " And if I ken him right, the Angel
 " As tremble, but I am not of the sky.
 " The gentle Angel? but I swift as thought
 " He comes — — — — —
Attendant Spirit descends.
 " Decline thy strange errand bent
 " Thou shalt not find him here; he is not
 " So near as thou dost think my appointed sphere.
 " See, yonder — — — — — On no appointed task thou see'st me now;
 " But returning from Elysian bow'rs
 " (Whither from mortal coil a soul I waded)
 " Along this boundless sea of waving air
 " I steer'd my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade

* The lines distinguished by inverted commas, "thus," are omitted in the representation.

" Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy'd,
 " Gliding as streams the moon thro' dusky clouds;
 " Instant I sloop'd my wing, and downward sped
 " To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 " My kindred aid, from mortals ne'er withheld
 " When Virtue on the brink of peril stands.

First Spirit. " Then mark th' occasion that demands it
 " Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway [here.
 " Of ev'ry salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 " Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 " Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
 " That like to rich and various gems inlay
 " The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 " Which he to grace his tributary gods
 " By course commits to sev'ral government,
 " And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 " And wield their little tridents; but this isle,
 " The greatest and the best of all the main,
 " He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities,
 " And all this track that fronts the falling sun
 " A noble peer of mickle trust and pow'r
 " Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 " An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

Sec. Spirit. " Does any danger threat his legal sway
 " From bold sedition or close-ambush'd treason?

First Spirit. " No danger thence; but to his lofty seat,
 " Which borders on the verge of this wild vale,
 " His blooming offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 " Are coming to attend their father's state
 " And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
 " Lies thro' the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 " The nodding horror of whose shady bows
 " Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
 " And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 " But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
 " I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard.

Sec. Spir. " What peril can their innocence assail
 " Within these lonely and unpeopled shades?

First Spir. " Attend my words. No place but harbours
 " In ev'ry region Virtue finds a foe. [danger;
 " Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 " Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 " After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,

- "Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds lifted
 "On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,
 "The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 "Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 "And downward fell into a grov'ling swine?)
 "This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 "With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 "Had by him ere he parted thence a son
 "Much like his father, but his mother more,
 "Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd.
Sec. Spir. "Illomen'd birth to Virtue and her sons!
First Spir. "He ripe and frolick of his fullgrown age
 "Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields
 "At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 "And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 "Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 "Off'ring to ev'ry weary traveller
 "His orient liquor in a crystal glass
 "To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 "(For most do taste thro' fond intemperate thirst)
 "Soon as the potion works their human count'nance,
 "Th' express resemblance of the god's, is chang'd
 "Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 "Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
 "All other parts remaining as they were:
 "Yet when he walks his tempting rounds the forcerer
 "By magick pow'r their human face restores
 "And outward beauty to delude the sight
Sec. Spir. "Lose they the memory of their former state?
First Spir. "No, they (so perfect is their misery)
 "Not once perceive their foul dishfigurement,
 "But boast themselves more comely than before,
 "And all their friends and native home forget
 "To roll with pleasure in a sensual ity.
Sec. Spir. "Degrading fall! from such a dire distress
 "What pain too great our mortal charge to save?
First Spir. "For this when any favour'd of high Jove
 "Chances to pass thro' this advent'rous glade,
 "Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 "I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 "As now I do; and opportune thou com'st
 "To share an office which thy nature loves.
 "This be our task; but first I must put off

* These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 " And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 " That to the service of this house belongs,
 " Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty'd song
 " Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 " And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 " And in this office of his mountain watch
 " Likeliest and nearest to the present aid
 " Of this occasion. Veil'd in such disguise
 " Be it my care the sever'd youths to guide
 " To their distress'd and lonely sister; thine
 " To cheer her footsteps thro' the magick wood
 " Whatever blessed spirit hovers near;
 " On errands bent to wand'ring mortal good,
 " If need require him summon to thy side;
 " Unseen of mortal eye such thoughts inspire,
 " Such heavenborn confidence, as need demands.
 " In hour of trial.

Sec. Spir. " Swift as winged winds
 " To my glad charge I fly.

[*Exit.*]

First Spir. " — I'll wait a while
 " To watch the forcerer, for I hear the tread
 " Of hateful steps: I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of men and women dressed as Bacchanals; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.**

Comus speaks. " The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantick stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing tow'rd the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east;
 Mean-while welcome joy and feast.

SONG.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west
 Welcome song and welcome jest,

* The Mask, as now performed at Covent-Garden theatre, begins here.

Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'ulous head,
 Strict Age and four Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.

SONG. *By a Woman.*

By dimpled brook and fountain brim
 The Woodnymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove;
 Vesper now wakes and wakens Love :
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Till early daylight that makes sin.

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns. Myrterious danc'd
 That never art call'd but when the dragon's womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her blackest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy robe about,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and beset
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy darts be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' Indian sleep
 From her cabin loophole peep,
 And to the telltale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. *By Comus and Woman.*

From tyrant laws and customs free
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules control
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

Comus. Come, knit hands and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

A Dance.

Break off, break off; I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaff'footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easyhearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the witch of this magick dust
 I shall appear some harmless villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken if I may her business hear.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now: methought it was the sound
 Of riot and illmanag'd merriment,
 "Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 "Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds
 "When for their teeming flocks and granges full
 "In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Power,
 "And thank the gods amiss." I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet oh! where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
Comus aside. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.
Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out
 "With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 "Under the spreading favour of these pines,"
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 "They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
 "Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,
 "Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain;"
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts: 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far.
 "This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 "Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
 "Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
 "Yet nought but single darkæfs do I find.
 "What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 "Begin to throng into my memory,
 "Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
 "And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 "On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 "These thoughts may flurle well but not astound
 "The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 "By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 "O! welcome pure-cy'd Faith, virgin of true steps,
 "Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,
 "And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!
 "I see you visibly, and now believe
 "That he, the supreme Good (to whom all things ill
 "Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)
 "Would send a glitt'ring guardian, if need were,
 "To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 "Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 "Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 "I did not err; there does a fable cloud
 "Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 "And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."
 I cannot follow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Comus aside. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

"Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 "And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 "To testify his hidden residence:
 "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 "Of silence thro' the empty-vaulted night,
 "At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
 "Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft' heard
 "My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 "Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 "Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 "Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul
 "And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 "And Charybdis larking waves into attention,
 "And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
 "Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 "And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself;
 "But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
 "Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 "I never heard till now"—I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddesses that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by bless'd song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd! ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears:

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady! hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. "By falsehood or discourtesy, or why?"

"Lady." To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady!

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. "Perhaps forestalling night prevented them?"

Lady. "How easy my misfortune is to hit!"

Comus. Imports their loss beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw "what time the labour'd ox

"In his loose traces from the furrow came,

"And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

"I saw them" under a "green" mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon' small hill

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots:

Their port was more than human; "as they stood

"I took it for a fairy vision

"Of some gay creatures of the element

"That in the colours of the rainbow live

"And play i' th' plaited clouds. I was awe-struck,

"And as I pass'd I worshipp'd:" if those you seek

It were a journey like the path to heav'n

To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle Villager!

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. "Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. "To find out that, good Shepherd! I suppose,

"In such a scant allowance of starlight,

"Would overtalk the best land pilot's art

"Without the sure guess of wellpractis'd feet."

Comus. I know each lane and ev'ry alley green,

Dingle or bustling dell, of this wild wood,

"And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,"

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, "or the low-roofed lark
 "From her thatch'd pallas rouse: if," or grant it otherwise,
 I can conduct you Lady to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 "Which oft' is sooner found in lowly sheds
 "With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 "And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 "And yet is most pretended." In a place
 Less warrant'd than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me bless'd Providence! and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on. [*Ex.*]

Enter Comus' crew from behind the trees.

SONG. *By a Man.*

Fly swiftly, ye Minutes! till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.
 Without love and wine wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye Gods! or take back what you gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.

ACT II.

"Enter the two Brothers.

"ELDEST BROTHER.

"UNMUFFLE, ye faint Stars! and thou, fair Moon!
 "That won't to love the traveller's benizon,
 "Stoop thy pale visage thro' an amber cloud.
 "And disinheret Chaos that reigns here
 "In double night of darkness and of shades;
 "Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

" With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 " Tho' a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
) " Of some clay habitation, visit us
 " With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 " And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
 " Or Tyrian Cynosure.

T. Broth. " Or if our eyes

" Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 " The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
 " Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
 " Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 " Count the nightwatches to his feathery dames,
 " 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 " In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 " But oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 " Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 " From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 " Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 " Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 " Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears:
 " What if in wild amazement and affright,
 " Or while we speak within the direful grasp
 " Of savage hunger or of savage heat?

E. Broth. " Peace brother; be not over exquisite

" To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 " For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
 " What need a man forestal his date of grief,
 " And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 " Or if they be but false alarms of fear
 " How bitter is such self-delusion!
 " I do not think my sister so to seek,
 " Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 " And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 " As that the single want of light and noise
 " (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 " Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 " And put them into misbecoming plight.
 " Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 " By her own radiant light tho' sun and moon
 " Were in the flat sea sunk; and Wisdom's self
 " Oft' seeks the sweet retired solitude,
 " Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 " She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,

" That in the various bustle of resort
" Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
" He that has light within his own clear breast
" May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
" But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
" Benighted walks under the midday sun;
" Himself is his own dungeon.

T. Broth. " 'Tis most true

" That musing Meditation most affects
" The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
" Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
" And sits as safe as in a senate house;
" For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
" His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
" Or do his grey hairs any violence?
" But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
" Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
" Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
" To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
" From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
" You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
" Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den
" And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
" Danger will wink on opportunity,
" And let a single helpless maiden pass
" Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
" Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
" I fear the dread events that dog them both,
" Lest some illgreeting touch attempt the person
" Of our unowned sister.

E. Broth. " I do not, brother,

" Infer as if I thought my sister's state
" Secure without all doubt or controversy;
" Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
" Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
" That I incline to hope rather than fear,
" And gladly banish squint suspicion.
" My sister is not so defenceless left
" As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
" Which you remember not.

T. Broth. " What hidden strength

" Unless the strength of Heav'n? if you mean that.

E. Broth. " I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength,

- Which if Heav'n gave it may be term'd her own ;
 " 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 " She that has that is clad in complete steel ;
 " And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 " May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
 " Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
 " Where thro' the sacred rays of chastity
 " No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 " Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 " Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 " By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 " She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 " Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
T. Broth. How gladly would I have my terrors hush'd
 " By crediting the wonders you relate !
E. Broth. " Some say no evil thing that walks by night
 " In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 " Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 " That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,
 " No goblin, or swift Fairy of the mine,
 " Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
 " Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 " Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 " To testify the arms of Chastity ?
 " Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 " Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste !
 " Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lioness
 " And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 " The frivolous bolt of Cupid : gods and men
 " Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
 " What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 " That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin !
 " Wherewith she fretz'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 " But rigid looks of chaste austerity
 " And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 " With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
T. Broth. " But what are virtue's awful charms to those
 " Who cannot rev'rence what they never knew ?
E. Broth. " So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
 " That when a soul is found sincerely so
 " A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 " Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 " And in clear dream and solemn vision

" Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 " Till oft' converse with heav'nly habitants
 " Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 " The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 " And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 " Till all be made immortal.

T. Broth. " Happy state,
 " Beyond belief of vice!

E. Broth. " But when vile lust
 " By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 " But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 " Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 " The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 " Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 " The divine property of her first being.
 " Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 " Oft' seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
 " Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 " As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 " And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
 " To a degen'rate and degraded state.

T. Broth. " How charming is divine philosophy!
 " Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 " But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 " And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 " Where no crude surfeit reigns."

E. Broth. ——— Lift, lift! I hear
 Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

T. Broth. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Broth. For certain
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst
 Some moving robber calling to his fellows.

T. Broth. Heav'n keep my sister! Again! again! and near!
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Broth. I'll hallow;
 If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

T. Broth. That hallow I should know—What are you?
 " Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else." [speak.

" *First*" Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? Speak

T. Broth. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd sure. [again.

E. Broth. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft' delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry muskrose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here good Swain! has any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

"First" Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy!
"I came not here on such a trivial toy
"As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
"Of pilf'ring wolf: not all the fleecy wealth
"That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
"To this my errand, and the care it brought.
"But oh!" *where is my virgin lady? where is she?*
How chance she is not in your company?

E. Broth. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect we lost her as we came.

"First" Spirit. Ah me! unhappy! then my fears are true.
E. Broth. What fears, good Thyrsis! prithee briefly shew.
First Spirit. "I'll tell ye: 't is not in vain, nor fabulous,
"(Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
"What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
"Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
"Of dire Chimeras, and enchanted isles,
"And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell,
"For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

E. Broth. "Proceed, good Shepherd! I am all attention."

"First" Spirit. Within the bosom of this hideous wood
Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father,

"And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer
"By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,
"With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
"The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
"And the inglorious likeness of a beast
"Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
"Character'd in the face." This have I learnt
Tending my flock hard by, "i' th' hilly crofts
"That brow this bottom glade," whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
"Like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,

" Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 " In their obscured haunts and inmost bow'rs."
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
 And beauty's tempting semblance can put on
 'T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 " Of them that pass unweeting by the way."
 But hark! the beaten timbrel's jaring sound
 And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their presence;
 Onward they move; " and see! a blazing torch
 " Gleams thro' the shade," and this way guides their steps.
 Let us withdraw a while and watch their motions.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Comus' crew revelling, and by turns caressing each other, till they observe the two brothers; then the Elder Brother advances and speaks.

E. Broth. What are you, speak, that thus in wanton riot
 And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
 Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

First Wom. Ye godlike youths! " whose radiant forms
 " The blooming grace of Maia's winged son," [excel
 Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
 We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
 Of freedom, mirth, and joy, the only heirs:
 But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
 'This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
 Of present and the pledge of future bliss.

[*She offers 'em the cup, which they both put by.*]

SONG. *By a Man.*

By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass,
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 't was made for you.

E. Broth. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets
 That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
 All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

SONG.

" Fame's an echo, prattling double,
 " An empty, airy, glitt'ring, bubble;
 " A breath can swell a breath can sink it,
 " The wise not worth their keeping think it.

"Why then, why such toil and pain
 "Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 "Like her sister Fortune blind,
 "To the best she's oft' unkind,
 "And the worst her favour find.

E. Broth. "By her own sentence Virtue stands absolv'd,
 "Nor asks an echo from the tongues of men
 "To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
 "Who wants his own no other praise enjoys;
 "His ear receives it as a fullsome tale
 "To which his heart in secret gives the lie:
 "Nay, slander'd innocence must feel a peace,
 "An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew."

First Wom. Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming youth
 Such grey severity!——But come with us,
 We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps;
 There you shall taste the joys that Nature sheds
 On the gay spring of life, youth's flow'ry prime,
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
 Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark'd.

SONG. *By a Woman in a pastoral habit.*

"Would you taste the noontide air,
 To yon' fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorches round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose.

All alone——and in her arms
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
 Till blest'd and blessing you shall own
 The joys of love are joys alone.

E. Broth. "How low sinks beauty when by vice debas'd!
 "How fair that form if virtue dwelt within!
 "But from this shameless advocate of shame
 "To me the warbled song harsh discord grates.

T. Broth. "Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;
 "Grief like a shade on all its footsteps waits,
 "Scarce visible in joy's meridian height,
 "But downward as its blaze declining speeds
 "The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads."

First Wom. No more; these formal maxims misbecome
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd Age. [you;

SONG. *By a Man and two Women.*

Live and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say;
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scarecrow Virtue fright:
Here in Pleasure's vineyard we
Rove like birds from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

E. Broth. How can your impious tongues profane the
Of sacred Virtue, and yet promise pleasure [name
In lying songs of vanity and vice?
From virtue sever'd pleasure phrenzy grows,
"The gay delirium of the feverish mind,
"And always flies at reason's cool return.

First Wom. "Perhaps it may; perhaps the sweetest joys
"Of love itself from passion's folly spring;
"But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow?

E. Broth. "Alike from love's and pleasure's path you
"In sensual folly blindly seeking both, [stray,
"Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love.
"Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal, lust
"Is meanly selfish, when resisted cruel,
"And like the blast of pestilential winds

"Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms:

"But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,

"Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrowa;

"Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move

"In their own sphere of happiness content,

"By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame."

But we forget: who hears the voice of Truth

In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd?

Thyrsis, be then our guide; we'll follow thee,

And some good angel bear a shield before us!

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*

First Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of my
Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams; [joys.

"Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled!

"A beardless Cynick is the shame of nature,"

Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup,

And my contempt, at best my pity, moves."
Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

Chorus. Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair,
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

[*Exeunt singing.*]

E. Broth. "She's gone! may scorn pursue her wanton
"And all the painted charms that vice can wear. [*arts,*
"Yet oft' o'er credulous youth such Sirens triumph,
"And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
"As links of adamant. Let us be free,
"And to secure our freedom virtuous.

T. Broth. "But should our helpless sister meet the rage
"Of this insulting troop what could she do?

"What hope, what comfort, what support, were left?

Spirit. "She meets not them; but yet, if right I guess,
"A harder trial on her virtue waits. [*conjecture?*

E. Broth. "Protect her Heav'n! But whence this sad

Spirit. "This ev'ning late, by then the chewing flocks

"Had ta'en their supper on the sav'ry herb

"Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

"I sat me down to watch upon a bank

"With ivy canopy'd, and interwove

"With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,

"Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

"To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

"Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close

"The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

"And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,

"At which I ceas'd and listen'd them a while. [*sister—*

T. Broth. "What follow'd then? O! if our helpless

Spirit. "Straight an unusual stop of sudden silence

"Gave respite to the drowsy-slighted flocks

"That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.

"At last a soft and solemn breathing sound

"Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,

"And stole upon the air, that ev'n Silence

"Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might

"Deny her nature, and be never more,

"Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,

"And took in strains that might create a soul

"Under the ribs of Death—but oh! ere long

* The first act ends here as now performed.

" Too well I did perceive it was the voice
" Of my most honour'd lady your dear sister.
" *T. Broth.* " O my foreboding heart! too true my fears—
" *Spirit.* " Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
" And O! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
" How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
" Then down the lawns I ran with headstrong haste,
" Thro' paths and turnings often trod by day,
" Till guided by my ear I found the place
" Where the damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
" (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
" Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
" The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey,
" Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
" Supposing him some neighbour villager.
" Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
" Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
" Into swift flight till I had found you here;
" But farther know I not.

" *T. Broth.* " O night and shades!
" How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
" Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
" Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
" You gave me brother?

" *E. Broth.* " Yes, and keep it still,
" Lean on it safely; not a period
" Shall be unpaid for me. Against the threats
" Of malice or of sorcery, or that pow'r
" Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
" Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt,
" Surpris'd by unjust force but not intrall'd;
" Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
" Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
" But evil on itself shall back recoil,
" And mix no more with goodness; when at last
" Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
" It shall be in eternal restless change,
" Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
" And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on;
" Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
" May never this just sword be lifted up.
" But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

"With all the grisly legions that troop
 "Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 "Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 "Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 "And force him to restore his purchase back,
 "Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 "Curs'd as his life.

Spirit. "Alas! good vent'rous youth,
 "I love thy courage yet and bold emprise;
 "But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 "Far other arms and other weapons must
 "Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 "He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints
 "And crumble all thy sinews.

E. Broth. "Why prithee, Shepherd,
 "How durst thou then thyself approach so near/
 "As to make this relation?

Spirit. "A shepherd lad
 "Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 "In ev'ry virtuous plant and healing herb
 "That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
 "Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
 "Telling their strange and vig'rous faculties,
 "Among the rest a small unsightly root,
 "But of divine effect, he cull'd me out,
 "And bad me keep it as of sov'reign use
 "'Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
 "Or ghastly Fury's apparition:
 "I purs'd it up: if you have this about you
 "(As I will give you when you go) you may
 "Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,
 "Where if he be with dauntless hardyhood
 "And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 "And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
 "But seize his wand, tho' he and his curs'd crew
 "Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 "Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 "Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink."

ACT III.

"SCENE opens and discovers" a magnificent hall in Comus' palace, "set off with all the gay decorations proper for an ancient banqueting-room;" Comus and Attendants stand on each side of the Lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair, "and by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of uneasiness and melancholy."

COMUS speaks.

"HENCE, loathed Melancholy!
 "Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 "In Stygian cave forlorn
 "'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy:
 "Find out some uncouth cell
 "Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 "And the nightraven sings;
 "There under ebon-shades and low-brow'd rocks
 "As ragged as thy locks
 "In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 "But" come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivycrowned Bacchus bore:
 Hasten thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleck,
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides:
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph sweet Liberty.

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a nymph representing Euphrosyne, or Mirth, who advances to the Lady, and sings the following song.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and Harmony live here:
 No domestick jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,

In my presence will appear;
Love and Harmony reign here.
Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and Harmony reign here.

Lady. How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly which my soul abhors?

Comus. Ye sedgecrown'd Naiads, by twilight seen
Along Mæander's mazy border green,
At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

[He waves his wand, the Naiads enter, and range themselves in order to dance.]

Now softly flow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleading pangs of gentle love;
"In swimming dance on air's soft billows float,
"Soft swell your bosoms with the swelling note;
"With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
"Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high,
"Till lively gesture each fond care reveal
"That musick can express or passion feel."

[The Naiads dance a slow dance agreeable to the subject of the preceding lines, and expressive of the passion of love.]

[After this dance the pastoral nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the ballad; in the mean-time she is observed by Euphrosyne, who by her gesture expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint suitably to the character of their several songs.]

RECITATIVE.

How gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine!

A BALLAD.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams, remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

" Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 " Where to my swain I oft' have sung,
 " Wellpleas'd the browsing goats to spy
 " As o'er the airy steep they hung :
 " The mossy cave, the goats, remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain.
 " Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
 " And sigh to see the wellknown shade;
 " I weep, and kiss the bended grass
 " Where Love and Damon fondly play'd :
 " The vale, the shade, the grass, remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain."

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE. BY EUPHROSYNÉ.

Love, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know,
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit :
 Simple nymphs ! then learn of me
 How to treat inconstancy.

BALLAD.

The wanton god that pierces hearts
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd :
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can please;
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me whilst he can.

COMUS *speaks.*

Cast thine eyes around, and see
 How from ev'ry element
 Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
 And her choicest blessings sent.

" Fire, water, earth, and air, combine
 " To compose the rich repast,
 " Their aid the distant seasons join
 " To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste."

Hither summer, autumn, spring,
 Hither all your tributes bring:
 All on bended knee be seen
 Paying homage to your queen.

*After this " they put on their chaplets and prepare for the feast: whilst
 " Comus is advancing with his cup, and one of his attendants offers a
 " chaplet to the Lady, (which she throws on the ground with indigna-
 " tion) the preparation for the feast is interrupted by noisy and solemn
 " music from above, whence" the second Attendant Spirit enters gra-
 " dually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines to the Lady,
 and sings, remaining still invisible to Comus and his crew.*

From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heav'nly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful Muses in a glitt'ring ring
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string
 Patient Virtue's triumph sing;
 To these dim labyrinths where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
 Thy guardian Spirit came.

SONG.

Nor on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in Siren bow'rs
 Will true pleasure long reside.
 On awful Virtue's hill sublime
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height must patient climb;
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.
 So from the first did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.]

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whosoe'er thou art
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls
 To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear!
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend—far from these horrid fiends!

Comus. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these;
 Who look with envy on more happy man,

" And would deery the joys they cannot taste.

" Quit not the substance for a stalking shade

" Of hollow virtue which eludes the grasp."

Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[He offers the cup, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.]

Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand

Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,

And you a statue, " or as Daphne was,

" Root-bound, that fled Apollo."

Lady. Fool, do not boast;

" Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind.

With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind

Thou hast immanac'd, while Heav'n fees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,

" When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

" Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

And first behold this cordial julap here,

That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,

" With spirits of balm and fragrant sirups mix'd;

" Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone

" In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena

" Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this

" To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Lady. Know, base deluder! that I will not taste it.

Keep thy detested gifts for such as these. *[Points to his crew.]*

SONG. *By a Man.*

Mortals, learn your lives to measure

Not by length of time but pleasure;

Soon your spring must have a fall;

Losing youth is losing all:

Then you'll ask but none will give,

And may linger but not live.

Comus. Why shou'd you be so cruel to yourself,

And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent

For gentle usage and soft delicacy?

" But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,

" And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,

" With that which you receiv'd on other terms,

" Scorning the unexempt condition

" By which all human frailty must subsist,

" Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,"

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but, fair virgin?
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchantments!
"Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
"With vizard falsehood and base forgery?
"And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
"With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?"
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets
I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a wellgovern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. "O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
"To those budge doctors of the Stoick fur,
"And fetch their precepts from the Cynick tub,
"Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.
"Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
"With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
"Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
"Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
"But all to please and sate the curious taste,
"And set to work millions of spinning worms
"That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
"To deck her sons? and that no corner might
"Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
"She hutch'd th' allworshipp'd ore and precious gems
"To store her children with. If all the world
"Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
"Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
"Th' Allgiver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
"Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
"And we should serve him as a grudging master,
"As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
"And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
"Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
"And strangled with her waste fertility.

Lady. "I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
"In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler

" Wou'd think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,
 " Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
 " I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
 " And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 " Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
 " As if she would her children should be riotous
 " With her abundance. She, good caterefs!
 " Means her provision only to the good,
 " That live according to her sober laws,
 " And holy dictate of spare temperance.
 " If ev'ry just man that now pines with want
 " Had but a mod'rate and befitting share
 " Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 " Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 " Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 " In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 " And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
 " And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 " His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
 " Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 " But with besotted base ingratitude
 " Crams and blasphemes his feeder." Shall I go on,
 Or have I said enough?

Comus. Enough to shew

That you are cheated by the lying boasts
 Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
 From scorning pleasures which they cannot reach.

EUPHROSINE sings.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell,
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.
 It short my span I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long if lost in care:
 They only live who life enjoy.

Comus. " These are the maxims of the truly wise,
 " Of such as practise what they preach to others.
 " Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers,
 " Nor pining grief nor eating cares approach us,
 " Nor sighs nor murmurs—but of gentle Love,
 " Whose woes delight: what must his pleasures then?

* Sung by *Comus*, as now performed at Covent-garden theatre

EUPHROSUNE *sings.*

"Ye Fauns and ye Dryads! from hill dale and grove
 "Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love;
 "Swiftly resort to Comus' gay court,
 "And in various measures shew Love's various sport.
 "*Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the following*
 "*directions; the tune is play'd a second time, to which they*
 "*dance.*

"Now lighter and gayer ye tinkling strings sound;
 "Light, light in the air ye nimble nymphs bound:
 "Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat;
 "Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, &c.
 "Now cold and denying,
 "Now kind and complying,
 "Consenting, repenting,
 "Disdaining; complaining,
 "Indifference now feigning,
 "Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat."

[*Exeunt dancers.*

Comus. Lift, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.

"Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 "But must be current, and the good thereof
 "Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
 "Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
 "If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 "It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 "Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 "In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities.
 "Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
 "It is for homely features to keep home;
 "They had their name thence. Coarse complexions
 "And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 "The sampler and to tease the housewife's wool."
 What need a vermil tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd: you are but young yet:
 This will inform you soon.

Lady. "To him that dares
 "Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 "Against the fenc'd pow'r of Chastity
 "Iain would I something say, yet to what purpose?"

"Thou hast no ear nor soul to apprehend,
 "And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 "More happiness than this thy present lot.
 "Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
 "That has so well been taught her dazzling fence:
 "Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd,
 "Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 "Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 "To such a flame of sacred vehemence
 "That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 "And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 "Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
 "Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. "She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 "Her words, set off by some superiour pow'r;
 "And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 "Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 "Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 "To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 "And try her yet more strongly—Come, no more;
 "This is mere moral babble, and direct
 "Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 "I must not suffer this, yet 't is but the lees
 "And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 "But this will cure all straight;" one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the blifs of dreams: be wise and taste——

*1. 2. Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand
 and break it against the ground; his rout make signs of resistance, but
 are all driven in.*

Enter the first Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O! ye mistook, you should have snatch'd his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dissev'ring pow'r,"
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
 Ye: stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
 "Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 "Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
 "The soothest shepherd that ere pip'd on plains:
 "I learn'd 'em then when with my fellow swain,
 "The youthful Lycidas, his flocks I fed."

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 As frays the Severn stream;
 And as the old swain said, "she can unlock
 The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoc'd in warbled song;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
 And see the swain himself in season comes."

Enter the second Spirit.

Haste, Lycidas, and try the tuneful strain
 Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

SONG. *By second Spirit.*

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake:
 Goddess of the silver lake
 Listen and save.

SABRINA rises and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate and the azure sheen
 Of Turkis blue and em'rald green
 That in the channel strays;
 "Whilst from off the waters fleet
 "Thus I set my printless feet
 "O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 "That bends not as I tread."
 Gentle swain! at thy request
 I am here.

RECITATIVE.

Second Spirit.

Goddess dear,
 We implore thy pow'rful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distress'd
 Thro' the force and thro' the wile
 Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

RECITATIVE.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 't is my office best
 To keep insnared Chastity.

Brightest Lady look on me;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure;
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

[*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*]

E. Broth. "I oft' had heard, but ne'er believ'd till now
 "There are who can by potent magick spells
 "Send to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
 "Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
 "Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,
 "And thro' the yawning earth from Styx and gloom
 "Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light:
 "It may be so—for some mysterious end."

C. Broth. Why did I doubt? why tempt the wrath
 To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust?
 "Here spotless innocence has found relief
 "By means as wondrous as her strange distress."

E. Broth. The freedom of the mind you see no charm
 Nor spell, can reach; that righteous Jove forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail dignity
 The slave of evil or the sport of Chance.
 Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid
 We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First Spirit discovering himself.

Pass it to Heav'n; there my mansion is:
 "But when a mortal favour'd of high Jove
 "Chances to pass thro' yon' advent'rous glade,
 "Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 "Shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy;"
 "Thou lent you grace to 'scape this curst place;
 "To Heav'n, that here has try'd your youth,
 "Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
 "And sent you thro' these hard essays
 "With a crown of death's praise."

in the two first Spirits advance, and speak alternately the following lines, which Milton calls epilogizing.

To the ocean now I fly,

these happy climes that lie

Day never shuts his eye

in the broad fields of the sky ;

ore I fuck the liquid air

All amidst the gardens fair?

Hesperus and his daughters three

That fmg about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers.

levels the spruce and jocund Spring.

The Graces and the rosybosom'd Hours

Neither all their bounties bring:

There eternal Summer dwells,

and west winds with musky wing

Above the cedar alleys fling

and cassia's balmy smells.

Now my talk is smoothly done

Fly or I can see

...to train men earth's end

Where the bow is under the doth bend.

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the corner of 7th and

Chemists then worked to develop

NOVE 4/1994, 212-213

She can teach you how to be a

Higher than average returns

Or if Virtue feeble were,

Heay's itself would loop to her.

Chorus: Taught by virtue you may find

Higher than the sperry chimn

Or if Virtue feeble were

Heav'n itself would stoop to beg.

Go

We

To

Of

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D

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY EUPHROSYNE, WITH THE WAND.

SOME critick, or I'm deceiv'd, will ask
What means this wild this allegorick Mask?
"Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
"Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
"'Tis idle stuff!" — And yet I'll prove it true;
Attend, for sure I mean it not of you.
The mealy fop that tastes my cup may try
How quick the change from beau to butterfly,
But o'er the insect should the brute prevail
He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
One stroke of this as sure as Cupid's arrow*
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow;
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth and cooes a billing dove;
The sly coquette, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile;
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Islers grow vultures of rapacious mind,
Or more than vultures, they devour their kind;
Flatterers chameleons creeping on the ground,
With ev'ry changing colour changing round;
The party-fool beneath his heavy load
Drags a driven ass thro' dirty road;
While guzzling fops, their spouses say, are hogs,
And snarling criticks authors swear are dogs:
But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least
"Twice is folly, and makes man a beast."

* The wand.

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